

the midst of shame, and detraction, persecution, is a spectacle which angels cannot help but admire, and men regret with honor. — *Rieger.*

God will be the friend of all who endeavoring to honor Christ. — *Heinrich.*

## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

SERMON OF DR. PUNSHON,  
Before the Wesleyan Conference at  
Sheffield, Eng.

The ex-President's official sermon was delivered with his usual eloquence. It was as follows:—

"Beloved, thou dost faithfully whatsoever thou dost to the brethren, and to strangers, which have borne witness of thy charity to the Church, whom, if thou bring forward on their journey after a goodly sort, thou shalt do well, because that for his name's sake they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles. We therefore ought to receive such, that we might be fellow-helpers to the truth."—JOHN III, 5-8.

"The elder" speaks these words. The definiteness of the article seems to indicate that the distinction was one which might be rightfully assumed, and that the person who thus designates himself as of riper age, or of more distinguished office, than any other in the Christian Church at the time. This consideration goes far to fix the authorship of these epistles. None surely could write thus but that venerable Apostle, latest of the band to linger, who was closing his beloved life in Ephesus, and whose last counsels were of the love which he had never ceased to cherish since he drank it in upon the Master's bosom. It is the outpouring of one loving Christian heart to another. "The well-beloved Gaius," or Gaius, as the Latins would call him, may or may not be identified with the Gaius who figures among St. Paul's salutations in Romans xvi, though there was a kinsman, at any rate, in the virtue of Christian hospitality, as St. Paul describes him "my host, and of the whole Church;" but he stands as the winsome type of a thorough and whole-souled Christian man—a model layman of the early Church. He may have been in feeble health. Many of God's jewels are framed in a frail setting. We do not gather that he was exceptionally wealthy, but he was affluent in the riches of a liberal spirit; the savour of his charity was borne abroad by the testimony of strangers; he rendered ungrudging and helpful service to the missionaries among the Gentiles; and he did it, not for ostentation's sake, but "faithfully," as part of a recognized stewardship of which he must give an account. Then, further, he was not merely hospitable, making his generosity, after the fashion of some, to "cover a multitude of sins." He had a firm persuasion of the truth. He walked in it with consistent footsteps. He was spiritually minded, an active helper in all works of faith and love. No wonder his name had a charm in it which won upon the heart of the Apostle. No wonder that he embalm him in his epistle, and hands down his name to immortality, for the stimulus and benefit of the Churches of all time.

The Church has need of men like-minded still. The Scriptural types of lay helpfulness need to be reproduced amongst us. The modern Apollos needs Aquilla and Priscilla to "show him the way of God more perfectly." There is yet room for Dorcas and her "garments of praise," for "the spirit of heaviness" still hangs upon the poor. There is deaconess's work in other spheres than at Cenchrea. We want our local examples, who, like Demetrius, "have good report of all men, and of the truth itself." Obed-Edoms, with the ark in the house; Mnason, mellow with their "fruit in old age;" Simeons, waiting in the Temple; Gaiuses, "bringing" their pastors "on their journey after a goodly sort." We need them in the midst of us today. In these days especially, when it is such a blessed quickening, in the sense of personal responsibility and service—when ears, formerly dull, are strained to catch the Lord's whispering summons—when the whole Church, as with one voice, and that a mighty voice, is asking the Lord, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" it cannot be amiss to urge upon ourselves, whatever our sphere, or the measure of our influence, to become "fellow-helpers to the truth."

Amongst the holy solemnities which our annual Conference brings, none are more interesting and more solemn than the reception of candidates into the ministry, and their ordination to that sacred office. If we are spared for the services of the coming week, crowds will gather to hear their testimonies for the truth, and to witness their public separation to their sphere of life-long service. It is proper that the members of our Churches should be deeply and profoundly stirred, for their own souls' prosperity, and the prosperity of the commonwealth of the faithful are largely bound up with the good or evil influence of these men. It will be my duty, in connection with their designation to the fullness of their office, by the laying on of hands of the presbytery, to address to their heart and conscience seasonable truth, as God may enable me to speak it. I believe it to be equally my duty to remind you—the people—that you have duties to your ministers of which you cannot rid yourselves, and which it were folly and sin to disregard. If Joshua is to fight manfully with the foe in the plain; if Moses, on the slopes of the hill, is to offer his princely and prevailing prayer, Aaron and Hur must inspire the warrior's valor by holding up the intercessor's hands. Will you bear with me, therefore, while I urge you, with all plainness, that if you would be "fellow-helpers to the truth" you must "take heed how you hear." You must "esteem" your ministers "highly in love for their works' sake." You must, as this same Apostle elsewhere expresses it, "look to yourselves lest they lose their full reward."

The minister and the people make up the Church. A Church is not only "a congregation of faithful men," who live, and are glad in the riches of abundant privilege. A Church is a school of testimony. A Church is an organized force for the propagation of the truth which has been entrusted to it. It is of the essence of the constitution of a Church, therefore, that there should be fellowship, control, and well-adjusted division of labor. The minister has his sphere and his work—his relations to his flock and to his Master. These are well-marked and intelligible, and if he fail in his duty he must answer it when the assize is held before the Judge from whom nothing can be hidden. But he cannot do his people's work, and it were useless and foolish to try. They have personal duties and services which they cannot transfer. He cannot watch and pray in their stead, nor "mortify the deeds of the body," nor evolve from them the radiance of a holy character, nor buy on their behalf a sort of vicarious right to heaven. And just as their experience in the Christian life must be personal, their activities in the Christian service must be personal also. They must dwell in the Mount, if they would act upon the multitude for good. If they would be approved servants, they must be ready and strong, as those who are commissioned from the King. They must absorb the sun's rays if they would "let" their "light shine before men." In a word, no solitary duty of the Christian life can be performed by proxy. The call is not upon the mass, but upon the individual. It is not you—the community; it is "thou"—the man. "I have chosen thee." "Go thou and work in My vineyard." "Be thou faithful unto death."

And this is one distinguishing excellence of Protestant Christianity. I know of no other system in the world which has no priests. There are none in Protestant Christianity. When men call themselves priests their Protestantism commits suicide in the utterance of the word. When the charge of priestcraft is brought against the ministers of Christ, it is brought in ignorance of the nature of their office; for the differences between the priest and the pastor are so many and so radical that they cannot be honestly confounded. A priest offers sacrifice; a pastor points to a completed sacrifice, which has been offered once for all. A priest assumes to be a mediator; a pastor relies, both for himself and for his people, upon the sole and sovereign mediation of Christ. A priest derives his power over conscience from his supposed knowledge of occult mysteries from which the people are excluded; a pastor's power over conscience is in direct proportion to the truth which he enforces and reveals. A priest retains the key of sacred knowledge in his own hands, and does out the treasure to those who propitiate or pay; a pastor summons all men, in Christ's name, to "search the Scriptures," that they may live. In fine, when we think of a priest we think of one who does certain duties in another's stead; when we think of a pastor we think of one who is set apart to urge upon all men to do their own duty, and to "work out" their "own salvation," through faith, and in the sight of God.

Now, there is some danger lest those who have renounced the theory should in practice subside into the comfortable heresy of the priesthood, by leaving the minister, unsupported, and often discouraged, to do all the work of the Church. This is precisely the evil against which I wish to warn you. The current talk now-a-days is of the people's rights. Suffer me to beguile you into a consideration of their duties. You are called, each of you who has put on Christ, to a sphere of personal service. No solitary member of the Church is exempt from this paramount obligation. It is by this interpenetration of effort and sympathy that Churches live and grow. God has called the ministers into their work, but their work links itself with yours, and requires yours as its complement and perfection. It has been said of the prayers of the former time that "all the intercessions which ever rose,—Adam's for the race, Abraham's for the Hebrew, Paul's for the Gentile, Christ's for the world, are delayed in their fullness until we complete them." And it is true of effort as of prayer. The minister's service without yours "cannot be made perfect." Carry your thoughts back among the Israelites, roused from their criminal apathy by the prophet's appeals. What a description of zealous and united labor for God! "And the Lord stirred up the spirit of Zerubbabel, the son of Shealtiel, governor of Judah, and the spirit of Joshua, the son of Josedech the high priest, and the spirit of all the remnant of the people, and they came and did work in the house of the Lord of hosts, their God."

There is also a beautiful illustration of mutual encouragement and blessing in Psalm cxxiv. It consists but of three verses, the first two of which are a benediction invoked upon a band of watchers, the last of which is the response of the company to the blessing of the friendly singer. Those who are thus commended in blessing are the Levites, who are the guardians of the Temple in the night, who hold their eyes from slumber lest some thief should filch the treasures, lest the lamps go out, or lest the fire upon the altar of burnt-offering be suffered to die. The singer is the officer who closes the gates of the Temple. As he takes his leave he sings his vesper hymn, "behold! bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by

night stand in the house of the Lord. Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord." Refreshed, and strengthened for their night-watch, they sound out the responsive music, "The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion." Now it is this—shown not in the lip-song merely, but in the calm consistency of the life, to which I would urge you to-day. You are Christians? Then you are bound to work for Christ. You are members of the visible Church? You have realized that central idea, that first necessity of Churchmanship, union with your Saviour? Then, emulous of His example, "for Zion's sake you will not rest, and for Jerusalem's sake you will not keep silence, until the brightness thereof go forth as a lamp that burneth." But you are more than this. You have not only enlisted in the army, you have chosen the regiment under whose banners you are to serve and war. The social law which works all nature through has drawn you into fellowship with Christians of like views and preferences, for the mutual maintenance of faith, and for the more effectual outworking of your plans of holy toil.

It may be in place to say here that the existence of the denomination—an inner circle within the Church—is neither without use nor without warrant. It springs indeed from the very liberty of Christianity, and is an almost necessary adjunct of a free Church-life. Sects of course ought not to be needlessly multiplied, and they should keep at the heart of them all the life-blood of divested charity. But they are not in themselves evil, nor are they incompatible with the essential and catholic unity for which the Saviour prayed. They may be but as the graceful varieties of nature, tributary to her grand central harmony, and the prismatic colors, preserving their individual distinctness, and yet melting into each other to form the bow which spans the cloud. Then, if you have identified yourselves with the fellowship which you prefer, that is your sphere of service. Its members are your brethren. Its ministers your pastors. Its fortunes your charge, in a sense in which no other can be. You are not to be so wonderfully loving to all that you have no particular affection for any. You are not to beat the wasteful air in profitless energy. You have home-ties, home-duties, home-work, and, "standing in your lot," you are there to be "fellow-helpers to the truth." I solemnly believe that you, as representing the laity of the Methodist Church, have its prosperity largely in your own keeping. I am the more urgent, therefore, that you be "co-workers" with the ministers for God. You are summoned then to hold up your ministers' hands—to help them in the doing of their work by the conscientious doing of your own. The great requirement to this end is sympathy—the penetration of your whole nature with love of the truth you are to help, and of your fellow-helpers in the glorious mission—the enlistment in the service of every force and feeling, chastened but not weakened by the grace of God—the enkindling of strong affection for the work, and for the workers also, "for the work's sake." This sympathy is the secret of all active Christian helpfulness; and where it "flows as a river" there will be many branching streams. It will prompt to charity, to liberality, to enterprise, to prayer.

[To be continued.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## WHISPER-GALLERY ECHOES.

TO A YOUNG MINISTER:—Your love of study, and the mental culture coming of it, are pleasing to me; but let me say to you (confidentially, lest I should be misunderstood by the vulgar herd) that I am not without my fears of the ultimate effect on you. Science, of itself, will not harm you, nor will it harm or endanger Christianity. Both of these have been found, as far as traced, in perfect harmony; and no shadow of doubt or fear crosses my mind as to their ultimate agreement. Yet, right here you encounter a most fearful danger, which is this: your love and study of science may less en or weaken your love and study of Revelation. But, if it should not do that, it will naturally inspire in you the habit of accounting for, or explaining everything on natural principles, or law, overlooking the supernatural. Hence, though you may keep along with your regular and critical study of the Scriptures, you will tend, like most modern young and scholarly ministers, gradually and unconsciously to rationalism.

Against this powerful, dangerous tendency, with you and others, there is but one safeguard; and when this is wanting all is lost. That safeguard is the recognition, in your theory and in your experience, of the supernatural, or miraculous, in the Christian religion.

To attempt to account for, or explain the essential doctrines, history, or general phenomena of Christianity on natural principles is the first step to bald atheism. The history of the Jews, the inspiration of the prophets, the incarnation, the sublime atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit in awakening and converting the (your) human soul, the resurrection of the dead, etc., set at defiance all human philosophy and reasoning. Here are the hidings of God's almightiness; and here are the secret of power, usefulness and safety of all Christ's ministers. When these are ignorant, or oblivious of the miraculous work of the Holy Ghost, they are periculous to themselves and others; and just in proportion as they are learned and speculative in

human and secular learning they "do greatly err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God."

## WINCHENDON, MASS.

MR. EDITOR:—A short visit to this town, the familiar field of my early ministerial labor, furnishes ample thought for a letter to your readers. Winchendon is beautifully situated about 65 miles north-west from Boston, in the valley of Miller River, which furnishes power for numerous mechanical purposes. The rich and varied scenery, and the Monadnock mountains, in full view, a few miles away, give to the picture more than ordinary attraction. This town was settled in 1751, by people nearly all of whom were from Ipswich. The excellent water power furnished by Miller River and its tributaries makes it an important manufacturing town. Wooden ware manufacturing is carried on very extensively. Every article in this line used by civilized society, from a clothes-pin upward, may be found here. Its railroad facilities are excellent, the Chesapeake road carrying southeast to Boston, or northwest to Keene, N. H., the Ware River road connecting with the Boston & Albany at Palmer, the Gardner, Barre and Worcester with the Monadnock to Peterboro, N. H., and the Vermont & Massachusetts to Greenfield, Mass.

The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in the year 1800, although Lorenzo Dow had preached in town several years before, with a membership of 12. Seven years after the organization a 30x36 church was erected in the western part of the town, in which the Society continued to worship till 1833, when a new one was erected in Depot Village. Rev. Orange Scott preached the dedication sermon. In 1851 the church was enlarged. Up to 1836 Winchendon comprised one of a Circuit of Stations which enjoyed the ministrations of 83 different preachers. Rev. Richard Livesey was the first stationed preacher, and he has been succeeded by 24 others, making in all 107 during the history of the Church. The Church has been frequently blessed with revivals. The present membership is 210. Many converted at the Methodist altar have gone from town, others united with different denominations, and not a few have died in peace.

Thursday, September 9th, was a glorious day for this Society. For nearly two years they had been praying, laboring and sacrificing to erect a new and more commodious edifice. This day it was to be paid for and dedicated, or the Society greatly embarrassed with the debt. The entire cost of the church and fixtures was \$40,000. The dedication sermon, by Dr. B. I. Ives, of Auburn, N. Y., was very appropriate. At its close he surprised the audience by saying that he should not dedicate the house till the entire indebtedness (\$28,000) was provided for. No man ever worked harder for four mortal hours than did this prince of beggars; but at 6 o'clock the benediction was pronounced, and the object not attained. You can scarcely picture a more fearful, wo-begone company of Christians than gathered that hour to see what could be done. But there was to be an evening service, and they could only rest upon the promises of God, and believe that He would give them the desired amount. And I confess, Doctor, that having been antcipated pleasure would not be realized.

The evening sermon was by Dr. S. F. Upham, of Lynn. His subject was well chosen, and clearly and eloquently presented. At the conclusion Dr. Ives arose and stated that he wanted but \$2,000 more to raise the entire debt. Being in a happy mood, he went to work, and soon secured the amount, and a margin of \$85. About 10 o'clock the dedicatory exercises took place, and a happier Church was never seen. "Wherefore," said one, "didst thou doubt?" Said another, "I will never doubt again!" The Society is not wealthy, nor were they largely assisted by others. The Doctor said he never saw such grand giving by the few. One brother, who had paid \$5,000, pledged as much more, and another about the same amount. One whole-hearted brother, who has been a hard working mechanic for years, said "it must be raised, if it takes every dollar I have." Mr. J. Moss, not a member of the Church, had given \$1,000, and pledged himself for about \$2,000 more. Others were as liberal, and showed their love for the cause by their readiness to give for its support. The ladies' circle, full of faith and hope, assumed \$1,800 of the debt.

The organ, built and played on at the dedication by Mr. George H. Ryder, of Boston, gives complete satisfaction, and is beautiful to look upon, and charming to listen to. Rev. W. M. Ayers, the pastor, is deservedly popular, and has labored unceasingly to bring the enterprise to completion. I noticed that himself and family gave towards the Church several hundred dollars. I cannot speak in too much praise of Rev. G. F. Eaton, the predecessor of Rev. Ayers, under whose administration the edifice was commenced. He was present at the dedication, and gave personal influence and efforts towards raising the debt. The Bible and hymn-book were present from him. The Society is in a good state of grace. Already their prayers and interests are centering upon a revival of religion. The same faith and zeal given to spiritual that have been given

to temporal things will bring a glorious work of grace. Thus another edifice has been dedicated to the usages of the Methodist Church. May God fill it with His glory.

Truly, W. J. HAMBLETON.

## POLAND CAMP-MEETING.

Commenced Aug. 23, and closed Aug. 30. The week was perfect for camp-meeting weather—not a drop of rain, not a cold night, nor a damp morning. The attendance was larger than ever before, and all seemed intent on making it the best meeting ever held on the ground. No arrest, no disturbing element made its appearance during the week.

The preaching, "as a whole," was good, highly toned with spirituality, and delivered with the unction of the Holy Ghost. Rev. J. R. Day and G. D. Lindsay preached ably. Their sermons will long be remembered. The following is the order in which the brethren preached: Hobart, True, Andrews, Grovernor, La Cheur, Pickles, Bartlett, Bolton, D. Waterhouse, Vivian, Day, Wardwell, Bean, Lap-ham, W. Waterhouse, Lindsay, Wetherbee. Our worthy Presiding Elder, E. Martin, took charge of the altar services, making them seasons of great profit, gathering the fruit of every effort as few men are able to do. The tent meetings were full of victory.

Poland camp-meeting is taking to itself new strength every year. Seven years ago an association of brethren took this ground, without attractions, poorly seated, and without buildings. With their own means they went to work, reseeded it with comfortable seats, built stable and boarding-house, and transplanted trees to perfect the shade; and to-day they have as good accommodations as any ground in the State affords, and are clear of debt. This has been accomplished without collections from the congregation. These brethren are among God's nobles. Long may they live to be honored.

SECRETARY.

## VERMONT Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The State Convention of Y. M. C. A. met at Royalton last week—Monday to Wednesday. There were, including the delegates from Churches, about 120 delegates present. Col. Franklin Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, was president, and Rev. P. B. Fisk, of Springfield, Secretary. The time of the Convention, aside from devotional services, was pretty much occupied in planning for a more thorough canvass of the State this year than last. The report of the Executive Committee showed that 2,405 conversions had occurred in fifty of the seventy-one places visited, while it is known that in most of the remaining twenty-one there were more or less conversions; but, no definite report having been received, no estimate was made. It is safe to say that 2,500 persons have been hopefully converted through the instrumentality of the canvass in these "Gospel meetings." The Methodist Church has shared largely in the fruits of these labors; but we cannot help expressing the fear that there has not been always that hearty co-operation on the part of our pastors and people that would have secured more precious results. How strange that the children of John Wesley should hesitate to participate most heartily in the promotion of revivals of religion!

A large Executive Committee, thirteen, was elected this year with reference to the needs of the work in the different parts of the State. They organized by electing Geo. E. Davis, of Burlington, chairman; Rev. S. P. Cook, of Ludlow, secretary; and A. J. Howe, of Montpelier, treasurer. They also appointed sub-committees to take charge of the work in the different parts of the State, and a general committee, who shall have oversight of the whole. We are looking hopefully for still more gracious results than last year, and express the hope that our own people will enter most heartily into sympathy with any instrumentality that shall help sinners to the "peace that passeth understanding."

## ROCKLAND DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting commenced on Monday, Sept. 6, and closed the Saturday following, under the direction of the Presiding Elder, L. D. Wardwell. Brother W. said, at the commencement, that "it was to be run on the line of salvation." From beginning to end it was a great success. The burden of the preaching was Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. Well could the brethren say, "we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." Their preaching was effectual in turning many "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," and they received "forgiveness of sins."

The altar services were seasons of great power, God helping His people to push the battle to the gates of the enemy. Such earnest work in the tents we have not seen for many years. It was evident that the Church came prepared for work; hence they were ready for service; and we did not witness the great farce of a dead Church going to camp-meeting, and spending the entire week in getting ready to labor for souls. The preaching at the stand was by M. D. True, A. S. Townsend, M. G. Prescott, L. H. Bean, J. W. Day, B. C. Wentworth, H. W. Bolton, J. O. Knowles, C. E. Knowlton; and in the tents by E. Bryant, B. S. Arty, C. B. Besick, L. H. Bean, M. W. Miller, M. G. Prescott, J. P. Simenton, J. W. Day. On Friday evening class-meetings were

held in several of the tents, and were seasons of great profit. In one tent 12 came forward for prayers, the most of whom professed to have found pardon before the meeting closed.

The order was excellent, due largely to the good management of our Presiding Elder, aided by a very efficient police.

SECRETARY.

## MARTHA'S GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting commenced Aug. 24. The weather was charming, and the grove was like the garden of the Lord. "Come and see," Messrs. Nutter, Kimball, and Leavitt had things in most excellent order. Brother I. Luce, Presiding Elder, read pentecostal Scriptures, and put the camp in order and in motion for victory. The brethren made proclamations of truth by name and theme as follows:—

Blades, "who is on the Lord's side?" Patterson, "bondage to freedom;" DeHughes, "what think ye of Christ?" Collins, "meet for heaven;" Trafton, "a clean heart;" Johnston, "riches and poverty of Christ;" Randall (a funeral sermon of Rev. P. C. Richmond), "he was a good man," etc.; Emerson (Congregationalist), "blood of Jesus;" Perry, "a woman's faith;" Luce, "Gospel power;" Colby, "a new creature;" Patterson (again), "walking in light;" Zimmerman, "retribution—every man according to his works;" Collins, "manifestations."

Hundreds were at the altar for pardon and purity. The meeting was a most blessed one. Messrs. Johnson, Hart and Clark, of New York, did good service for Jesus. Brother Luce fought like a "Spartan." He has wonderful powers of endurance. Messrs. Trafton and Zimmerman organized a Camp-meeting "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society," and received fifty members, at \$1 a member.

The grove and improvements cost \$7000. Brother E. T. Nutter and wife gave \$3,000. The meeting is a necessity for that region of country. Let it be grandly sustained in time to come.

J. COLLINS, Sec'y.

Cape Elizabeth Depot, Me., Sept. 13.

## Our Book Table.

Our attention has been called to a new and much improved edition of FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST, just issued in a handsome volume of 750 pages, by Rufus Wendell, of Albany. The improvement consists mainly of an Appendix of rare utility to all non-classical readers, in which over 500 Greek, Latin, French and German quotations are fully and accurately translated, and by a most facile method of indexing can be very readily referred to.

We are not surprised at the greatly increased demand for this most instructive as well as deeply entertaining work. The acknowledged scholarly ability and transparent candor of its accomplished author, not less than the rich and graphic style which marks its pages, from the simple pastoral scene on the plains of Bethlehem to the thrilling description of Christ's Ascension from the heights of Bethany, amply justify all this. But the simple secret of its remarkable popularity is, that before undertaking his work Mr. Farrar visited those . . . . . "holy places," "Over whose acres walked those blessed feet," and became thereby so thoroughly pervaded with the conviction of the complete authenticity of the Gospel narrative that his enthusiasm is that begotten only of a supreme and loving confidence. Mr. Farrar formally arrays himself against no one's theory, or that of any class; the high plane of the sublime realizations on which he moves could not descend to that; but he simply reveals in the delightful task of weaving his rich and glowing materials into one of the most beautiful mosaics of modern historic literature. This, too, is accomplished with such life-like vividness that the reader unconsciously becomes spectator, auditor and fellow traveler amid the scenes so charmingly delineated.

We have seen no book for general circulation brought out in more attractive binding, or with clearer-cut or more legible type, or excellent quality of paper; and it certainly is cheap enough at \$4.50. It can be procured of Rev. Wm. D. Bridge, at 36 Bromfield-st., Room 16, Agent for Boston and vicinity. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued the fifth volume of their fine American edition of what is called from its parliamentary origin, THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY. It is prepared by the best scholars of the English Church, under the supervision of the Bishops. The work is edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. The extracts from the preface are as follows: "The work is intended to be a handbook for the use of the clergy, and to be a repository of the most reliable and accurate information on all the rich modern Biblical apparatus brought into requisition; but a conservative and orthodox hand steadily guides the work in its progress. It will be, when completed, in many respects (and among others, as less voluminous, but forming a complete series) the favorite full commentary upon the whole of the Bible. The present volume embraces Isaiah, by Dr. W. W. Kay; Jeremiah and Lamentations, by Dean R. Payne Smith, D. D., of Canterbury. The introductory chapters and extended notes upon special subjects are very rich and satisfactory.

Rev. Dr. John S. C. Abbott is a loyal, as well as honored son of Maine. He was born in Brunswick, and was afterwards graduated from its college halls. His childhood was passed in Hallowell, and all portions of his native State have beguiled his willing footsteps in hours of recreation during his mature years. To the picturing of its rough and sublime scenery, the gathering up of its interesting traditional early history, the writing out the brave story of its progress in subduing nature and building up a model Federal Commonwealth, its noble record of courageous and skillful men, and of heroic deeds developed during the late war, Dr. Abbott, with the enthusiasm of a lover and the skill of a veteran author, has devoted his matured and cultivated powers. The volume is full of interest to a general reader, but must be specially grateful to the sons of Maine, whether dwelling in the Pine Tree State or scattered over the continent. B. B. Russell & Co. have issued the work in a handsome form, with clear paper and type, and numerous wood engravings.

A beautiful volume, every way, is the small quarto edition of HYMNES, by Frederick William Faber, D. D., published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, and for sale by A. Williams & Co. We need not say a word in commendation of the intensely spiritual

and charming hymns of this delightful sacred singer. A short sketch of his life is given in this volume, up to the remarkable step he took, some fourteen years before his death, in leaving the Church of England for the Roman Catholic. We should have been pleased to have found a fuller reference to the causes leading to such a step. His state of mind at the time of his perversion seems much like that of young Dr. Stone, of Gambier College, in this country, who, a few years since, "reconciled" himself to Rome. This volume contains the largest collection of Mr. Faber's fascinating songs of the devout heart that has been published in this country. Only those specially written for Roman Catholic festivals, and addressed to the Virgin and saints and angels, have been omitted. The volume is published in exquisite taste, with a number of the illustrations. It is a diamond quarto of 250 pp.

Special attention, we are pleased to know, is now paid to the careful study of English literature in our higher schools. The poets of the Elizabethan age are carefully studied, and the characteristics of our best modern writers discussed. Ginn Bros., Boston, have just published an excellent text-book for this form of invaluable study. It is entitled THE TEXT-BOOK OF POETRY, and contains full poems from the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Goldsmith and Thomson, with life sketches, notes, and glossaries. The volume is compiled by the expert hand of Rev. Henry N. Hudson. It is a manual that will meet a present want in our high schools.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The lovers of good reading may felicitate themselves on the fact that, whatever depression there is in the book trade, the poets of the Elizabethan age are carefully studied, and the characteristics of our best modern writers discussed. Ginn Bros., Boston, have just published an excellent text-book for this form of invaluable study. It is entitled THE TEXT-BOOK OF POETRY, and contains full poems from the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Goldsmith and Thomson, with life sketches, notes, and glossaries. The volume is compiled by the expert hand of Rev. Henry N. Hudson. It is a manual that will meet a present want in our high schools.

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Notable among the other poems are three odes, one on Gettysburg, one on Shakespeare, and that on Goethe, just recited in New York, on the great German's birthday. This volume will contain some of the best poetry Mr. Taylor has ever written; and to those who know how charming a pastoral his "Lark" is, and how majestic a conception is his "Masque of the Gods," this is no insignificant promise.—Mr. Whittier has written a very characteristic poem, "Mabel Martin," which Miss Hallowell and Mr. Moran (the artists who, with Mr. Anthony's unsurpassed skill as an engraver, to give full effect to their designs, made "The Hanging of the Crane" so exquisite a holiday book last year) have illustrated with rare skill for Osgood & Co.'s leading holiday book, the coming season. It bids fair to be one of the choicest pieces of artistic work ever produced in America. Mr. Whittier has collected a volume of poetry, which he calls "Three Centuries of Song," to which he will furnish an introductory essay. Those who have enjoyed Mr. Whittier's poetry will be curious to see what poems are most to his liking. It will be interesting and instructive to compare this volume with Emerson's "Paraphrase." The remaining volumes of poetry are, "The Bird and the Bell," by C. P. Cranch, the translator of the "Aeneid;" and "Rose and Roof-tree," by G. P. Lathrop, Mr. Hawthorne's son-in-law, and now assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.—Mr. Lowell's volume of essays is entitled "Among My Books—Second Series," and contains a very full and valuable paper on Dante (into which the study of years has been distilled), an admirable criticism on Spencer, an essay on Wordsworth, and other articles. Those who know how rich and marvellously juicy Lowell's prose is, will wait impatiently the appearance of this book.—Mr. Egan's volume, which has been announced for two or three years, will probably come this season. Its name, however, will not be "Poetry and Criticism," as heretofore announced; but the exquisite impress of his genius will be on the essays.—Mr. E. C. Steadman, who has printed in *Scribner's Monthly*, the past year or two, some very brilliant and thoughtful papers on modern English poetry, has collected these, and thoroughly revised them for a book, which he calls "Victorian Poets." Set a poet to catch a poet. Mr. Steadman very well knows what poetry is, and his criticisms on Tennyson, Landor, the Brownings, Swinburne, Buchanan, and other poets of Queen Victoria's reign, are full of insight and delicate discrimination. His book is so carefully prepared that it will serve admirably for a hand-book to Victorian Poetry.

Other volumes of noticeable essays will be Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies," a series of papers on the industrial, domestic and social life of Dresden and the country thereabout; and W. R. Greg's "Rocks Ahead," a group of not very cheerful, but very suggestive vaticinations respecting the future of England. In the department of fiction Osgood & Co. promise "Tales of the Argonauts, and Other Stories and Sketches," by Bret Harte—California stories which, though lacking now the charm of novelty, do not lack the touch of the true story-teller's genius; Mr. Henry James, Jr.'s new novel, "Roderick Hudson," which has had an army of attentive readers as it has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*; and an Art Romance, by Harriet Hosmer, for which, from her pronounced individuality, and her reputation as an artist, one is justified in prophesying a popular success.

New MUSIC. Published by F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, O.: "A Brave Boy's Plea" (very pretty), by C. West; "Daring Minnie Gray," by J. T. Rutledge; "Only in Fun," by R. S. Crandall, ballad and chorus; "Heaven Bless Mamma," music by P. Arnold de Ther (very sweet).

By Horace Waters & Sons: Temperance Song, "Father, Bring Home Your Money To-night" (very good), by W. F. Sherwin.



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A. S. WEED, Publisher,  
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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1875.

We hear from a number of sources the most encouraging accounts of the opening of the new year at Middletown. The college receives the largest number that ever entered its classes at one time. The new President more than meets the high expectations which his election to the office has awakened. One writes, "he enters upon his work magnificently—better than we dared to expect. We have no question that he will prove the right man for the place."

An esteemed friend, pastor of a New England Church, who has been seeking physical health in a short tour Westward, is deeply impressed with the signs he notes everywhere of an approaching revival of religion, and of the general expectation of this which meets him on every hand. He writes, in a private note: "Do you know that the Church is on the margin of a wonderful revival in this country? The air is full of Gospel oxygen. The rumble in the tops of the mulberry trees is coming to be as heavy as thunder. Persons who have sharp spiritual vision hear the coming tread of the King's horses. The King in His beauty is coming to a Church that will receive Him! Will you tell my people that I am rejoicing, greatly rejoicing in this wonderful expectancy? The time of drought is almost over. The fields are whitening to the harvest. Not in dear old St. Paul's merely, not in Fall River only, but all abroad on the face of the whole continent! Let editors, and preachers, and Church officers, and private members, both men and women, prepare the way of the Lord."

The Churchman thinks we need in America a different form of religion, or, at least, of religious modes, from that which is whole some for Englishmen. Saunkey and Moody undoubtedly, it says, did a good thing for us, as they lack enthusiasm, and are not easily carried away by their emotions; but Americans, *The Churchman* thinks, need rather ethical teaching and training in fixed principles. He requires more knowledge upon the application of religion to daily life. He has already enthusiasm and excitement to spare. This opinion *The Churchman* elaborates in its last issue. We have no desire to question this estimate of the American character; but "pure religion and undefiled," when awakened by the humblest or most exciting instrumentalities, is marvellously calming, always prompts to ethical righteousness, is intensely practical, impelling to the visitation of widows and orphans, and to the living of unspotted lives. It is the testimony of the Christian philosophers of Scotland, and of the gravest and most devout ministers of England, in and out of the Established Church, that the revival in the British Islands has been both wholesome and permanent in its effects. Whether God will bestow equal honor upon the same instrumentalities here remains to be seen; but that He may, or raise up and send forth others, should be the fervent prayer of all sincere Christians.

Just after the war, a merchant of our city, having business in Charleston, and passing the Sabbath in that city, with one or two friends, proposed to attend the services at one of the churches of the colored people. They found not only the house of worship crowded, but hundreds around the building with sufficient vigor to enable the outsiders to participate in the same equally with those within the Church. Seeing the great crowd, the Boston gentlemen were about to retire, when a colored usher took the visitors in hand, and pushing aside, without much ceremony, his brother worshippers, led them to the front seat, and placed them directly before the pulpit. The exercises of the hour were in no wise disturbed by the new element introduced, but rather quickened. The colored preacher was very animated, and full of unction and picturesque symbols in his discourse. At its close came the inevitable contribution-box. After stating the object of the collection, the preacher remarked that on the previous Sabbath a white gentleman had occupied the seat nearest to the hearer's of the same color then sat, and that he had placed in the box a five dollar bill; and, said the sharp-witted preacher, with a graceful sweep of his hand towards the friends from Boston, "he wasn't half as good looking a man as you are!" With a significant nod he requested the stewards to pass the boxes, remarking, for their encouragement, "we shall have a good collection to-day." And he was right!

The charming equality of mind with which *The Methodist* receives the honest utterance of humane Northern sentiments, in reference to the unprovoked butchery of colored men, is finely illustrated in its allusion to *ZION'S HERALD* in its last issue. To say that such expressions as were found in our columns were written for political effect is not only what *The Methodist* calls the bearing of "false witness," but an ancient "dodge" of the ante-bellum times, and has a wonderfully familiar sound. We have no desire to exasperate the "race troubles" (which is a very mild form of expressing a terrible fact) of the South; neither do we propose to shut our eyes to the open, violent abuses to which a portion of our citizens at the South are constantly subjected.

## THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

We cannot disguise the fact that the sentiment of the people on the question of temperance has been greatly weakened in the last decade. The loose habits of the army, the constant excitement of the war, the unwholesome character of trade during its continuance and long after its close, the rapid accumulation and losses of property, very naturally brought back upon society social drinking habits which had been widely banished, for a long period, by the reformatory temperance efforts of a previous generation.

The labors of active temperance men, during later years, have been largely diverted from the work of saving the tempted, and from positive and constant preventive measures among the youth of the land. This humane work, having been pressed earnestly for a number of previous years, had resulted in forming a public sentiment strong enough to enable the community to insist upon crystallizing into legislative statutes its opposition to the sale of alcoholic beverages, and to defend itself from the great public burdens resulting from liquor drinking

by closing the bars and saloons of the land. As this phase of the temperance reform awakened large debate, and created no small excitement, involving as it did such immense pecuniary interests, as well as sharply curbing the strongest appetites of large classes of men, it naturally became the center of the chief activity upon the temperance question. Ordinary discourses and essays upon the subject became stale and tame. Even the touching story of the reformed drunkard seemed to lose its pathos and power, and only the political aspects of the reform, often involving bitter personal and party questions, had interest enough to draw and hold audiences in the community. As the result, the former personal labor among tempted men, far along on the way to the drunkard's grave, has been very generally given up, or remitted to a few public institutions. No very pronounced or effectual measures seem now to be taken in any part of our country to fortify the minds of our young people against the custom of social drinking, or to impress them with the frightful perils that attend it.

We do not forget that a very large body of persons, chiefly men, are united in secret temperance associations, with the total abstinence pledge as the common bond of union; but from the very fact that these bodies are separated from general society by their special organization, and hold their meetings by themselves, they have little influence in leavening the community with a strong and wholesome sentiment upon this question.

It is a very unpleasant conviction to harbor, but it has been forced upon us by many facts which have come under our own observation, that there has been a great falling away among a class of our ministers and of Church members from the high positions taken a score of years since, by both the pulpit and the press, as to the personal duty of Christians in reference to the pledge, and to the individual use of intoxicating drinks. We are pained to know that the number of ministers, especially young men, is constantly increasing, who do not hesitate to call for strong ale with their dinners at public restaurants, who sip wine at marriages, and at the tables of their wealthy parishioners, and who are beginning to whisper, quite loudly, that the Bible does not inculcate total abstinence, but a temperate use of stimulating beverages. Many laymen in our Churches are beginning to be quite free in the expression of their disrelish of any restraint upon their personal liberty and appetite. They esteem radical temperance men as fanatics, and place, quite freely, "light wines" upon their dinner tables.

There is no question as to what will be the result of all this. Those whose personal experience embraces the history of the last forty or fifty years will understand what is always the inevitable consequence of simple looseness in these matters. There is no human appetite that can be less safely trusted, or is attended with more terrible results, when it attains its certain, if unrestrained, supremacy. Already we are beginning to witness again the awful effects of this brain poison in the Christian pulpit. It is becoming not an uncommon event to be called to suffer the shame and grief of seeing a hopeful ministry cut short by the growth and triumph of this shocking appetite for stimulants. Two or three cases, within a short period, have come under our own observation. Others are on the same fatal road, and will certainly come to the same dreadful end, unless a miracle of grace is wrought for their rescue. This is too serious a matter to be lightly considered, and is a loud call upon the ministry to purge itself, by its example and open precept, from the blood of a weak and tempted brother.

The return of champagne and light wines to the dinner table will make its fatal impression upon the sensitive minds of the children. A large Sabbath audience was thrilled, a short time since, by a touching incident related by a well known evangelist. A Christian gentleman, who had permitted his appetite to rule his reason, as to the use of wines at his meals, once, when traveling with his little boy, overheard the waiter at the hotel where they dined ask him, "well, my little man, what kind of wine will you take?" "Just what my father takes," was the unhesitating response. The natural and tender answer went through the father's heart like an electric shock. He was making his boy just what he was himself. There was no question in his mind then as to what his response should be, nor lack on his part of an inward resolution as to the future. "I will take water," he said. These facts, thus brought face to face with this temptation in their immature boyhood, will not have the many, or social, or religious restraints around them that their fathers enjoyed. They can not indulge moderately. Beginning thus early, the appetite will grow with their growth; and the shame and wretchedness and ruin of their young manhood will be the frightful burden that the misguided parents will be forced to bear, as they awake to the irremediable mistake which they have made.

The Church should be the perpetual and constant teacher of total abstinence from this inevitable foe to virtue, as well as to human health and comfort. The ministry should be outspoken in its warnings. No human society should be more in earnest to rescue tempted men than the Christian Church. The children should be faithfully instructed, and trained to an intelligent fear and abhorrence of this vicious appetite. This reform cannot

be safely entrusted to outside societies, although these should have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of Christians, but the Church itself must inspire this reform within its own ranks; it must raise the highest standard in its own practice; it must speak out with unmistakable clearness upon the duty of its membership, in view of the disclosures of science, the indications of providence, and the terrible revelations of human agony and ruin constantly made in the lives and experiences of our fellow-men. A revival in the Church, in the matter of total abstinence from stimulating and narcotic beverages, would doubtless be the forerunner of a great spiritual reformation.

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There are few public issues, if any, that affect more deeply the social and political life of the American people than that relating to the preservation of our free public schools. Prone as we are to accept as axioms postulates that will not bear the test of searching examination, there is yet been bestowed sufficient careful and candid thought on the great question of public education to root in the American mind the conviction, as Edward Everett has forcibly expressed it, that "our common schools are important in the same way as the common sun, the common sunshine, the common rain—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of the municipal organization which is a characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that widespread intelligence which, like a mal life, pervades the country." His sons confirmed the sincerity of his pronounced opinions, for he put his grandson into a public school which was far from being one of the best, in respect to material, because, as he said, preferred the education he would get there to what would be obtained in a private school. Thousands of worthy and educated parents send their children to the public schools for precisely the same reasons.

At first glance appears passing strange that artizans, and much more one who lesses to enjoy the fruits of a liberal education, should object to a system so marked and approved excellence. Yet a whole class of citizens, mainly foreign birth and education, does not violently to free public schools, either requires their entire dissolution or demands a pro rata share of funds by which they are supported. He demands, for it chiefly assumes latter form, has been carried into the political arena. In Ohio the Romanists, boldly throwing off all disguise, subservience to their claims *the qua non* on which their votes shall rest in favor of any political candidate. Success would embolden them to use the same policy in every State or Territory in the nation.

It is worth briefly to state the objects held in view by what we advisedly designate American supporters and the Roman opponents of free public schools. The American object is the education of childhood for the intelligent and pious discharge of the civil and political duties of manhood. The Roman object is the State at stake; and, as the State protects citizen in the enjoyment of all natural legally acquired rights, it equitably requires from him the ability to use them with discretion and beneficence. He is the policy of compulsory education wisely adopted by some States, ultimately, we doubt not, to be adopted by all. The State deals only with temporal affairs, and does not attempt to usurp spiritual functions. There the objects and methods of education are wholly secular, but by means necessarily, or at all times or irregularly. On the contrary, it is decidedly favorable to pious morality. But, composed denominationally as the American people is, State ought not to impart religious instruction. The moment such an act should be made the community would be in conflict as to what form it should take. It may be conceded, with danger perhaps, that the State should not teach ethics, except so far as great fundamental principle of mo and politics as to which all Americans are agreed are concerned. Thorough education of childhood may be remitted to the family, Sabbath-school, and the Church—natural and divinely appointed guaranties of religion and ethics.

To these points the Romanists except, with bitter hate, and rail at the schools organ consistently with what as godless diabolical. No language is too strong to express their utter detestation. The reasons of such virulent antagonism are obvious, but rarely honestly avowed. One of the strongest is, children educated in such institutions become observant, reflective, and spend—qualities which Rome itself abhors, preferring and demanding, as she does, blind, unreasoning faith, and submission. Another reason, that they ignore and practically deny the claims of Romanism to exclusively educate childhood in the dog and superstitions of the Papal Church, and in implicit obedience to the commands of the Pope, who affirms the only, by virtue of his viceregency, Christ, has exclusive jurisdiction over all that pertains to faith and morals, and the government of the Church—a word, over all that affects the intel and issues of human life. He claims jurisdiction as God on earth. Born the American system of public education and that of such foul and anti-Christian blasphemy there

is a necessary, an irrepressible conflict. The legitimate suspicion of the spectator, that Roman Catholicism, with its subtle and powerful organization, is not a Christian Church at all, but a politico-ecclesiastical conspiracy against the rights and liberties of the human race, is more than justified by its history and procedure.

The hackneyed objection of Romanists, that they are forced to contribute to the support of schools they cannot conscientiously use, and by which they are not benefited, is as groundless as their religious system is fatal to freedom, and false to the Christian faith. As members of the State, they are benefited quite as much as those who reject their assumptions. The truth is, the objection is priestly, not popular. It is a subterfuge of Ultramontaniam which has forced this warfare upon the people—a pretext of the Asiatic absolutism that, under the name of Roman Catholicism, would annihilate all free institutions, and concentrate every form of power in the hands of the anti-christ of the Vatican. It is because our Lord Jesus Christ is the sole, supreme Head of the Church, and because He has assured us that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, that we are certain of Papal failure in this really infamous attack. In New York the assault is re-mitted, for the time being, the Papists failing to answer the questions propounded by the Board of Education. In the State of New Jersey the people have rebuked the arrogance which dared to command the Papists to vote against the constitutional amendments prohibiting sectarian appropriations, by adopting the amendments in the vote recently taken. In Wisconsin the Democrats mildly decried interference with the public schools, and as mildly resolved to sustain them. Their political adversaries are far more outspoken. In Ohio outraged popular sentiment will speak in thunder tones at the autumnal elections. Occasional Papist successes, as at East St. Louis, where a majority of the voters are Romanists, will not invalidate the general rule, that American freemen and Christians are inflexibly resolved to uphold their system of free public schools.

There is something unspeakably impudent in the demand that we should accept an educational system which the most enlightened and priest-ridden nations of Europe have cast off, with inexorable loathing and disgust. But these are days of marvels, and not the least of those marvels is the vague notion so many entertain, that Romanism in this country is something else than the old enemy of true Christianity, "drunk with the blood of the saints." It boasts infallibility and immutability (honestly, so far as the latter is regarded), and is fairly entitled to be taken at its word. As Bishop Corrigan has truly, but not originally remarked, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

WESLEY'S ROOM AT OXFORD.

Oxford is one of the most charming towns of all England—charming for its location in one of the most lovely portions of this flowery land, and especially charming for the scholarly atmosphere that seems to pervade the whole place. It is singular, and yet it is true, that a town, though it may count its inhabitants by thousands, will still be most wonderfully affected by the presence of a great university. It is so with New Haven, which feels the presence of Yale; it is so with Cambridge, which is flavored with Harvard, from its highest to its humblest citizen; it is so with Oxford, where the whole life of the place has depended for centuries upon the vast University established here. The stranger sees in the hotels, and the shops, and stores, and places of amusement advertised, a thousand indications of the fact; the appearance of the people tells the story with equal certainty; these young men one sees in the streets, jaunty, and somewhat overdressed, these grave and reverend men, not quite clerical, but by no means men of business, are more than straws to tell the character of the place.

It is a good place to spend a day among these many colleges that crown this long hill, packed in among these closely crowded houses, and thronged, with hundreds, yet thousands of young men of the oldest and noblest and richest families of England. A few of the buildings are modern, but most of them are old, and moss-grown, and grey with age. Many generations of scholars have walked along these halls, have lounged in these enclosures, and have fitted themselves for life's work amid these surroundings. But Oxford is especially dear to every Methodist, from the fact that here John Wesley was educated, and here he commenced that life of peculiar devotion which only ended when, amid the waves of Death's river, he triumphantly exclaimed, "the best of all is that God is with us." The room of most interest in all the city is that occupied by Wesley when he was a tutor at Lincoln College. As you enter the court, or square, formed by the quadrangle of buildings, you turn to the right, and enter a narrow stairway, and pass up a single flight of stairs, and then turn to the left; and directly you enter the door which opens into the room. The room is nearly square, and is about 15x15 feet in size, low studded, and as plain in all its appointments as though another Wesley might now be in occupation. There is one back and two front windows. A very small bedroom is connected with the room. About the back window there is trained a beautiful and thrifty grape vine, said to have been set out by John Wesley when he occupied the room. It is

very large, having a stem nearly four inches in diameter a foot from the ground. It is vigorous, and full of fruit, and like the spiritual vine which Wesley with the blessing of God also planted, promises to yield abundant returns for many years to come.

It is an easy thing for one in such a place to conjure up the vision of that conscientious, struggling young man, who, in the darkness which surrounded him, was yet feeling after God, if haply he might find Him. How many hours he spent in the earnest and diligent study of God's Word! How many hours he walked this floor, with a burdened soul that sought in vain for full and free salvation! How many hours he spent upon his knees in prayer, crying out for the grace of life, and for light to guide him in his way! The world has reason to thank God that nothing could turn him from the purpose which he had formed, to be a holy man. The world had much of honor, and wealth, and ease for him, but these things he refused. His own faith might sometimes waver, but it was only for a moment. He might wonder why his fastings, and prayers, and self-denial did not bring him the peace he sought—why the darkness still filled his soul; but he would not relax his endeavors. He might return to his lonely room, from his faithful visits to the poor, and the sick, and the prisoner in his cell, and think it a poor requital for such devotion that he was still in the gall of bitterness; but he would still press on, and on, until at last he found the joy for which his longing heart had so intensely hungered. He was an example to cheer and encourage the despairing and the slow of faith in all the generations. Better by far was such an experience, for the work God had given him to do, than if in a single effort he had come at once into the light and liberty of the Gospel. This dingy room is a battle-field grander than Marathon or Waterloo. Christ conquered, and the victory brings daily tides of blessing to unnumbered multitudes, the wide world over.

The college chapel where Wesley used to preach is a place of much interest. It has not been greatly changed since he was here. It is the same in all essential respects now as when it echoed to the clear and logical presentation of divine truth to which he gave utterance. It is a small chapel, much smaller than many a country church, and yet it has furnished the arena for the proclamation of the sublimest truths. One is struck, on entering it, at the illustrations in the stained glass window directly in the rear of the pulpit. They are the same that Wesley gazed upon whenever he entered this sacred place, and it may well be supposed that they had no little influence upon his mind. They are designed to show the parallelism between the Old and New Testaments. The window is double sash; and as one looks at it there is seen on the left, at the top, a representation of the creation of man, and opposite to this a representation of the birth of the Saviour. Then we have the passage through the Red Sea, and Christ baptized in Jordan opposite; then the eating of the Paschal Lamb, and opposite this the Last Supper; then Moses lifting up the serpent, and opposite Christ upon the Cross; then Elijah carried to heaven in his chariot of fire, and opposite Christ ascending from Olivet. These illustrations are in excellent taste, and add greatly to the beauty of the chapel, and keep constantly in the remembrance of every thoughtful person who walks these aisles, the great central truths of God's Word.

From the college it is only a little distance to the spot where Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer were burned for their faithful adherence to the pure truth of the Gospel. The sky is blue above the spot where, on the breath of flame, these men went up to heaven. A summer cloud, light and fleecy, as though it might be too ethereal for an earthly origin, moves through the blue deep; a few unthinking ones are hurrying to and fro, intent upon their little cares; and yet here is one of the spots where the angels congregated, in the years long past, and fanned with the celestial airs of paradise the tortured limbs of the burning martyrs, and touched their lips, already shriveled by the flames' hot breath, with the waters of the river of life. What a blessed thing for us, who live in these last days, that in those grim times of fire and bloody men, eye, and women too, were found those who dared to die that others might live.

But we will not leave this place of glorious memories without the enjoyment of a walk by the softly flowing Chiswell and Isis. We enter by the gateway of Christ College, and saunter along the river's bank. There are many students about, for it is the evening hour, and the work of the day is done, and they are busy about the many boats, preparing for their evening exercises. There are boats of every possible variety, from the stately barge, that can float hundreds of people on the river picnic excursions, to the little Rob Roy canoe that one can easily lift out of the water, and carry upon his shoulder. These young men are good specimens of English blood, and some of them are well nigh perfect specimens of young manhood; and yet they are not superior, on the whole, to the young men of our American colleges. Take the first fifty young men you meet at Wesleyan or Yale, and they will compare favorably with the first fifty you meet with here. We have no

need to be ashamed of our Yankee blood or brawn.

But the boats, and the river, and the young men are not what we are here to see; it is this broad meadow, so richly green, so smooth and beautiful, that we could almost fancy it is a broad glade of the islands of the blest; and the illusion is the more striking because it is altogether surrounded by trees of the richest verdure. The air of England, saturated with moisture, is the best adapted to the production of the most perfect lawns; and here these many acres are covered with such a thick, dense growth of grass, that it is a wonder how another spire could possibly find room to grow. The trees too feel the influence of the climate. It is a joy to look upon them, thickly grouped in harmonious clumps, or ranged in long, solemn rows—not all large, for trees and men grow old and die here, as they do in all other lands; and the young must take the place of the old; and so we have here a wide variety, from the sapling, just transplanted from the nursery, to the grand old tree that for three hundred years or more has spread abroad its branches, defiant of the winter's storms, and kindly sheltering the weary laborer from the summer's heat.

And so we linger amid these hallowed shades until the setting sun has gone down in a blaze of glory, and in the soft and mellow twilight pass along the grand avenue of elms, that stretch in double rows, for a quarter of a mile or more, straight across the meadows. These trees are monarchs all, and they tower up in majestic proportions, and clasp their branches overhead, forming arches of most surpassing beauty. No earthly temples so grand, none so delicate, fill the eyes and fill the soul; and, alone, amid the gathering gloom of evening, this is a place to hold communion with one's soul, and worship the ever-living God, who has made both heaven and earth. Oh, happy they who shall walk, by and by, along the sweetly flowing waters of the river of life, and rest beneath the trees of the celestial paradise of our God.

W. F. MALLABIE.

## Editorial Paragraphs.

We are disposed to take a somewhat different view of the late sanitary blessing, apparently received through prayer and faith by Rev. S. H. Pratt, an excellent member of the New York State Conference, from some of our contemporaries. The lameness with which he has been "greatly afflicted, for years, has once before been immediately removed, after a season of prayer with Dr. Cullis of this city; and now, for the second time after earnest prayer, in connection with the laying on of hands by a devout Christian woman, his limbs receive strength again, and for some weeks he has been enabled to stand, and walk, and preach upon them.

We have not the slightest doubt that this power came through natural channels. His lively faith, the nervous shock of this human touch of one believing herself divinely moved, under the peculiarly impressive circumstances of the hour, must have given an amazing start to his whole nervous system, and will go very far to account for the remarkable physical effects that followed. We do not believe that the power of working miracles, in the usual significance of the term—such supernatural events as occurred in the days of Christ and His apostles—remains in the Church. It is not required for the confirmation of faith, and is not one of the promised, perpetual blessings bestowed upon Christian disciples.

On the other hand, there are well attested illustrations of special favors, temporal and spiritual, out of the usual order of providence, but not necessarily supernatural, in the sense of interrupting any of the established laws of nature, which God bestows, to honor trusting and earnest wrestling prayer, and a strong grasp of faith upon His power and love. In this category we place such men of extraordinary faith as August Hermann Francke, who built up, without a dollar of his own, by benefactions that came without solicitation, in the German city of Halle, one of the most imposing suites of buildings, still standing, where five hundred orphans and neglected children at a time were fed and trained—the whole institution depending upon God for its sustentation as the birds do upon Him for their food. An hundred years later, near the opening of the present century, John Falk renewed the illustration of the divine reality and power to honor and confirm absolute trust in His providence, when, moving in an unmitigated path of duty, he established in Westminster a special institution. His motto was, "Lord Jesus, to Thee I live, to Thee I die. I am Thine now and to all eternity." Without any resources but the divine providence, he never turned a homeless child from his door.

In our own days, in the city of Bristol, England, on Ashley Down, George Moller has gradually built up, without income of his own, or any soliciting agencies, an immense orphan home, capable of accommodating from two to three thousand persons. This immense establishment, with a large home and foreign missionary movement, is supported by the free-will offerings which are sent to him. In all his wants and exigencies he simply betakes himself to earnest prayer. He believed himself divinely impelled to this work, as President Wayland remarks, in his Introduction to "The Life of Trust," to convince men that God is a living God, as ready now as ever to answer prayer; and that, in the discharge of any duty to which He calls us, we may implicitly rely upon His all-sufficient aid in any emergency. The same illustration is now passing under our own eyes, in the great and varied charities, carried on, in the same spirit of active trust in the divine providence, by Dr. Cullis of this city. We place also in the same line of divine operations the remarkable visual phenomena attending the religious experiences of such sincere, devout, and eminently thoughtful men as Dr. Daniel Steele.

It is not for us to attempt to describe these events of their divine vesture. The significant signs and heavenly fragrance of a divine visitant attend them. In neither of these cases is a natural law interrupted. God pours an extraordinary measure of His grace through natural channels that we can readily apprehend, although it is equally evident that it is an extraordinary and not an ordinary manifestation. God does not intend to establish a new order of things. He does not encourage us to give up ordinary sanitary and curative measures, to disband our charitable and missionary socie-

ties, to walk purely by faith, and not by physical laws, but he does sometimes seem to seek to reveal the sublime fact that He is a God at hand, and not afar off. He makes His own established laws of the universe to blaze with His manifested presence.

The *Congregationalist* had for its editorial piece de resistance, last week, a rather melancholy series of meditations upon the suggestive theme, "that dead line of fifty." The outcome of the article (after stating the painful and unvarnished facts of a very vigorous and able minister, last over fifty, now out of a parish, to obtain a new settlement, although his pulpit efforts were well received where he labored as a candidate, his age being apparently his only embarrassment) seems to be that, in the Congregational polity, the Church is under bondage to the Society. The writer thinks that while the former is the religious and faithful and godly ministry, with the experience of years, the latter Society, which sets also upon the settlement of a pastor, has become demoralized by the prevailing excitement of the hour, and constantly craves sensational, or very liberal preaching, or the impulsive and florid rhetoric of quite young men, and that the religious portion of the parish has not strength of mind and purpose, or a sufficiently high standard of piety to resist the tendencies of the hour.

To one standing outside of Congregationalism the difficulty seems to be of quite a different character, although doubtless the influences referred to in this article have their effect. Where men are settled for an indefinite period this question of age does become a matter of real interest to the most devout and generous men. Successful pastors are in the work over fifty, and even sixty years of age, like Dr. Stone, formerly of Park Street, who is mentioned by the writer, among others who are still offering the Churches their ripest fruit. They are in their intellectual prime, and their natural force is unabated; but these very men would find it difficult to secure a new settlement of the grade they now hold, not for lack of appreciated ability, but because age, in a permanent settlement, must unavoidably be an element that cannot be overlooked. We have heard this very remark made in reference to a possible call upon the honored name we have already mentioned to Eastern Churches. Only his age, as it relates to permanence, would hinder such a call.

With it is not age. Men advanced in years are not always, indeed, provided with opportunities for pastoral service as long as they wish; but the reason is not to be found in "the dead line of fifty." Some have peculiarities of temper or manner or of manner of expression, which cannot be removed from the family of the facility of their manhood; some their abilities higher than those of their hearers; some have remained so long in one vocation that the freshness of their gifts is entirely worn away. But where there is devotion, earnestness, studiousness and intellectual and spiritual growth, with a readiness to accept the inherent economy, there is little difficulty in obtaining ministerial work as long as ability lasts.

The School of Theology of the Boston University opened on Wednesday last under the most favorable auspices. The largest number ever recorded in any year since the foundation of the institution will be added to the classes already in attendance. Between forty and fifty new students will join the Junior class and reinforce the two upper ones. The limited capacity of the Broadfield Street quarters is already far exceeded, and rooms are provided in the immediate neighborhood.

The new Professor of History, Rev. H. C. Sheldon, B. D., an alumnus of Yale College, and a graduate of our School of Theology some years since, has entered upon his duties with earnest purpose and enthusiasm. He has spent the last year in Leipzig and Berlin, mastering his forces for the theological campaign. The matriculation exercises will occur, as usual, next week, on Wednesday, Oct. 6, at Western Hall, at 10 A. M. On that occasion Prof. Sheldon will make an introductory address to the students and the faculty. The public are cordially invited to be present.

To those who have become wearied of lectures, and for the interest and profit of all who can appreciate good preaching, a series of six weekly discourses, with two interruptions of a week, beginning Wednesday evening, October 6, and closing November 24, has been arranged in Music Hall. There will be no intellectual entertainment of the winter, setting aside the spiritual profit of the discourses, to compare with this. A selection of ministers, of different denominations, most of them new gifts in this vicinity, and all of them eminent in their particular endowments, has been made. Dr. Talmage, the famous preacher of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, opens the series. There will be a great eagerness to hear him in Boston. He never fails to make an impression long to be remembered. The eloquent Dr. Deems, the able Dr. Douglass, our celebrated Southern preacher, Dr. Duncan, and others will profit and persuade to righteousness the audiences that gather in Music Hall. The tickets are cheap, and are selling rapidly. Application cannot be made for them too soon. Whatever is received above the expenses of the course goes to one of the most important city charities.

We heartily sympathize with Dr. Olmstead, of *The Watchman and Reflector*, in the loss of his eldest son, Montgomery, who has been to him an invaluable assistant upon the paper, as well as an affectionate child, and a noble and generous young man. He was thirty-three years of age. He did good service for his country in the army in the early days of the war. He was badly wounded in the second battle of Bull Run, and probably never fully recovered from its effects. For eight years he has been connected with *The Watchman and Reflector*, and during his father's absence from the country the chief burden of its management came upon him. A number of years ago he was united with the Baptist Church, and has been an exemplary and earnest Christian disciple. For some time he has been in failing health, but during all the period has been ripening in holy tempers and spiritual fruits. His death was peaceful. His father, who has rested upon him in his infirm hours, with so much confidence, will have, as he needs, the hearty sympathy and prayers of his friends.

We record an unwonted but peculiarly grateful incident connected with church building, occurring in the history of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, N. Y. *The Courier and Republic* of that city gives an interesting account of a service held by the Church, two Sabbath since. They are now erecting a splendid edifice, which is to cost \$150,000. They had, up to the Sabbath referred to, \$97,000 subscribed. Instead of delaying until the edifice is completed to secure their final contributions, they entered at once

upon the work. After an excellent discourse from the pastor, Rev. J. D. Adams, they took up a subscription of \$33,735, thus placing the noble edifice entirely out of debt, and enabling them to make a festival rather than a fast out of their dedication day, which will soon occur. We wish them great joy and spiritual success.

Temperance men in other States have, some of them, made a singular misinterpretation of one sentence in the letter of ex-Governor Talbot, declining the nomination, the present year, to the gubernatorial office. In expressing his judgment, that the present license law should be fairly tried and faithfully executed, he is supposed to have advised its longer continuance upon the statute book of the State, in order that there might be a full and adequate test of its virtue in restraining drunkenness.

So far from this being his sentiment, we have good reason to know that he would have it abrogated as soon as possible. He has no confidence in it. He does not accept the principle involved in it. He thoroughly believes in prohibition. But he wisely advises, as some impulsive prohibitionists do not, that while it is a law, the license statute should be faithfully executed, and that true temperance men should give their countenance and aid to its enforcement. Every honest citizen should take this ground, that the law of the land should be strictly enforced; and, if not what it ought to be, let a better one be legally secured, at the earliest hour.

Our visit last Sabbath with the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Fall River, was one of unalloyed pleasure. It is a noble and generous Church, full of enterprise, and devoted to evangelical work. Its large and interesting audience-room is filled with one of the best congregations of the city. Dr. Woodruff is renewing his youth, and working with the vigor of his earliest days. He is looking for a great revival during the present season. May his largest expectations be realized! He returns, this week, from his vacation, revived in health and spirits. We only hear the best accounts of Brother McMenamy at the other Church, and from all the adjoining Societies. Fall River, just at this hour, needs most of all a great spiritual reformation.

We received a call last week from Rev. George W. Rogers, a member of the Georgia Conference of our Church, whose Northern home is in Lynn. He is about returning to Atlanta, to take work in the South again, having buried a beloved mother during his sojourn. Brother R. has acted as editor of the *Everett Monthly*, published in Lynn, an able 32-column journal for the family and social circle, which he has conducted with marked ability, and will continue its supervision till January.

The Assistant Editor of this paper, having listened with great satisfaction to Rev. G. H. Vibbert's fine lecture on "Sir Thomas More" in the Hyde Park course, calls the attention of committees to his rare ability to satisfy any appreciative audience, either on that topic or on the current phases of Temperance. His ability as an orator is quite beyond the ordinary standard. His charges are eminently reasonable. He can be addressed at Somerville.

Rev. Duncan McGregor, a graduate of the Theological School at Evanston, Ill., proposes to enjoy for a year the opportunities for post-graduate study in the Boston University. He brings letters of warm commendation from our leading brethren at the West, as a scholar and preacher. He will be glad to find opportunities on the Sabbath to fill any pupils that may be providentially opened to him.

Dr. Riggs writes, in his letter to the *Christian Advocate*,—  
"Within the last few days I have had the pleasure of receiving visits from three of our ministers. It was by no means a commonplace trio. Dr. Lindsay of Boston University, Dr. Bennett of Syracuse University, and Mr. B. of Boston, were the three—three superior and most pleasant and brotherly ministers. Before long I hope to see Bishop Simpson here."

Dr. Lindsay has entered upon his work in Boston University, greatly improved in health by his late delightful European trip.

Dr. Tourje, of the New England Conservatory of Music, has accepted the invitation of the Grace Church, in Temple Street, to take charge of their music, and he proposes to organize a large choir, and for his purpose desires special attention called to the following notice, which appears in the daily papers: "Parties desiring to join the Grace Church Choir will please present themselves for examination to the undersigned, at his office, Music Hall Building, between the hours of 4 and 6.30 P. M., on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Unusual opportunity for culture extended to members."

We are happy to announce the safe but premature return of Dr. Mallalieu. His visit is unexpectedly shortened by the ill health of his wife.

Rev. Joseph Cook is delivering discourses of great power and directness in the Melrose, from 12 M. to 1 P. M. daily. They are, as they deserve to be, listened to by large and solemn congregations.

We are glad to greet our old friend, Jno. E. Stevens, esq., of the Book Room at New York. He is enjoying a brief respite among his many friends in New England, with his pleasant family.

Co-education celebrates a new victory in Europe. By act of the government, the National University of Copenhagen, with all its lectures, examinations, degrees, and diplomas, is declared open to women upon the same conditions as to men.

The General Missionary Committee will meet at the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, Wednesday morning, November 10, at 10 o'clock.

R. L. DASHIELL, J. M. REID, Cor. Secs.

#### Editorial Items.

The thirteenth volume of the new and greatly improved edition of *Appleton's American Encyclopedia* is now out, and is ready for delivery to subscribers. The labor bestowed upon it is about equal to the preparation of a new work. The old edition is wisely condensed, and its scope greatly enlarged. It leaves little to be asked within the wide compass of its field of observation, bringing down to the present hour the world's history and progress. The present volume opens with "Palestine," and closes with "printing." Some of the special topics fully discussed are Paris, Partnership, Patented Literature, Petrodium, Photography, Political Economy, Pope, Portugal, Presbyterianism. The article upon Paris is written by an old friend and college mate in Middletown, W. H. Huntington, esq., the

Paris correspondent of the New York Times, an admirable writer, and a man of wide culture, and by far the best appreciated correspondent of the American press. His Vincent Butler, Franklin Street, is the Agent for New England.

Ginn Brothers publish a new edition of the very convenient and yet ample Latin, English Dictionary, for the use of Junior students, by John T. White, D. D., Oxon. It is printed from English plates, in small but clear and beautiful type. It is especially adapted to seminary use, and for young ladies, relieving them from the heavy burden of the large dictionaries. Ginn Brothers have opened a very convenient and handsome new store on Tremont Place, No. 11, where school and college men will find a pleasant exchange and an admirable list of new books.

The New York *Advocate* says: "The many friends of Dr. J. H. Vincent, our indefatigable and successful Sunday-school and tract editor and secretary, is now suffering from exhaustion and depression. His excessive labors during the summer are now telling upon his nervous system, and immediate rest is necessary."

A telegram from Santa Fe, New Mexico, Sept. 19, says the body of Rev. F. J. Tobey, Methodist minister for Cimarron and Elizabethtown, was found between these places. He had been shot through the heart. His horse was found tied to a tree, a short distance from the body. There is no clue to the murderers.

The Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* tells the story of a brother in the West Virginia Conference, who recently preached a colored congregation, and after preaching for them, as he thought, the best he knew how, was prayed for by a colored local preacher as follows:—  
"O God, bless this brother that spoke! Be his light in his darkness; be his sense in his ignorance; be his strength in his weakness; and O, Lord, bless this intelligent congregation!"

The *Week* issues its fourth number. It is growing in popularity, just as it deserves to. The October number contains articles by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Charlotte F. Bates, S. W. Duffield, Julia A. Eastman, and other well-known writers, with pictures by A. R. Ward, Sol Eytinge, Gustave Doré, Harrison Weir, and other artists. It is one of the handsomest and wholesomest of our periodicals for the little lady and lass. It is published by D. L. Thorpe & Co., and edited by Ella Farman, with a corps of accomplished writers at her command.

The Northampton *Advocate* says:—"Rev. Dr. O. H. Tilday, of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, has just received notice of his election, by the trustees and faculty of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, as one of the University preachers. We congratulate the University in its selection of one thoroughly orthodox and able clergyman."

The Methodist has the following personal:—"Prof. L. T. Townsend receives a complimentary which is printed indeed from the *Watchman and Reflector*, who heard him preach at Dr. Stone's church in San Francisco. He says the sermon was without exception the best sermon he ever listened to, and that a member of Dr. Stone's Church, who was present, had never heard such a deeply interesting sermon—"during his twenty-two years' residence there."

Mrs. Emily Gould died at Perugia, Italy, September 1. She was well known as the founder of the Italian-American school at Rome, which was flourishing under her energetic direction. She was the first to introduce the kindergarten system publicly into that city, and was a very brave, energetic, and devoted woman.

In this happy day Dr. Talmage, of the *Christian at Work*, dismisses an excellent publisher of his paper, and introduces another:—"As one friend comes in, another goes out." B. R. Corwin, esq., enters, and we say, "sit down; make yourself at home." Col. H. C. King goes to the *Christian Union*, and, appreciating his work on this paper in the past, we bid him good speed, and accompany him with our good wishes for the future."

Dr. W. H. Hazood, of Blackville, S. C., recently lost his house by fire, and thirty of his old slaves came voluntarily to his plantation, scattered as they had been, to cut timber for him, without pay, for the purpose of erecting a new dwelling.

"It will be," says *The Nation*, "a sore day for the United States when the people of this country allow themselves to be so completely misled by the Church of Rome as to believe that the Church of Rome has become reconciled to republicanism, or to liberty of thought, or to anything but the belief that the Church of Rome is the only true Church, and that the rule of conduct, in small things or in great, not furnished by herself, or that the Catholic clergy have the least intention of putting themselves on the same level with the Protestants, using the same weapons as the Protestants on the school question, or any other question which is likely to affect their own power, either nearly or remotely, directly or indirectly."

#### THE WEEK.

Fall River weavers persist in their strike. Lester Sykes was killed by the caving in of a well in West Springfield, last Wednesday. He lived and conversed with his rescuers for nearly 24 hours.

Attleboro has gained 2,433 in population in five years.

Pemberton, the murderer of Mrs. Bingham, is to be hung October 8.

Vines and corn have suffered from frost in Northern Maine.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention met on the 21st. Governor Gaston was nominated by acclamation for Governor, General Bartlett for Lieutenant Governor, Mr. G. H. Moore for Secretary of State, Gen. Weston Howard for Treasurer, Mr. G. F. Verry for Attorney General, and Mr. John E. Fitzgerald for Auditor—all men of talents and high standing. A strong ticket.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop with his family arrived home Thursday evening by the Algeria from Europe, where they have been for the last year or more.

Westervelt has been found guilty of aiding in the abduction of Charles Ross.

Gen. Bart still retains the postmastership of Boston.

The *Watchman* (London) complains that the recent meeting of the British Association at Bristol was too much occupied with matters of mere local interest—sugar, shoes and tobacco. No eminent name came to the front during its discussions.

Rev. John Chambers, a prominent Presbyterian divine, died on the 22d at Philadelphia, aged 78 years.

The Spanish Envoy to Rome is instructed that the Madrid Government will be firm, but moderate, and will respect religion, but at the same time protect the rights of the State. It is believed the Vatican will abate its pretensions.

A South Australian telegram, dated the 20th inst., states that the harvest prospects are unprecedented.

Sir Edward William Watkin has just published in London his report of the condition of the Erie Railway. He urges the policy of self-reliance, and calls upon the English stockholders to accept a proposition for a receiver for the road.

The horse disease in New York is spreading rapidly. It is of mild type. Secretary Deland has tendered his resignation. The President highly commends him in accepting it.

Severe gales have prevailed on the English coast recently, destroying several lives and many ships.

The London *Observer* says the British Government intends strengthening its fleet in Chinese waters, but with difficulties with China will require settlement by other than pacific measures.

The Iowa census shows an increase of population in two years of 100,000.

The Mnot (Me.) cork-packing factory has put up 230,000 cans this year.

Springfield, Vt., witnessed a cyclone last week, which lifted the water from the bed of the river, entirely stopping its flow for a minute.

On Mt. Mansfield, the 23d, snow was six inches deep.

The London police have the names of 117,000 habitual criminals.

Pittsburgh is talking of sending refined oil to the Delaware through a pipe 200 miles long, costing \$500,000.

For the first time in twelve years the South will raise sufficient breadstuffs for home use.

An Oregonian offers to furnish fish boards 100 feet long and 12 feet wide for the Centennial Exhibition.

Rev. J. H. Lozier, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, is spoken of as the prohibition candidate for Governor of that State.

Rev. J. B. Ives is nominated for the office of State Prison Inspector by the New York Republicans.

On the 20th \$15,000 were withdrawn from the Bank of England for America. Servis has declared for peace.

The *Journal* says there are 607 less places for liquor selling than nine months ago in Boston.

The Mechanics Bank of Montreal has temporarily suspended.

The American barque *Forest Queen* was lost recently at sea, the captain accidentally killed, and the second mate and five seamen supposed to have perished.

Colorado has gone Republican.

The coast of the Gulf of Mexico has been swept by a terrific gale. Indianola and Galveston have been flooded, all business interrupted, travel cut off, telegraph lines broken, and 400 lives lost. The injury to property is estimated at about a million dollars. Contributions for the sufferers are in order in our cities. Boston has given handsomely already.

The young French prince is to take a round-the-world-tour.

Socialists, to the number of 770, have been indicted in Russia, and 265 already arrested.

Cartist soldiers, some 800 in all, have been disarmed on entering France, and imprisoned.

Emperor William, of Germany, with Bismarck, who is in prison, is about visiting Italy. How will Pio Nino endure such a guest in Rome?

In Chicago last week the aggregate shipments of live stock and dairy products amounted to \$15,750,000—all other farm products only \$81,650,000.

A Democratic paper in Vicksburg, says the *Journal*, recently printed a paragraph headed, "The Negroes in North Mississippi Need a Little Killing!"

The defalcation of Sooy, the New Jersey State Treasurer, is \$44,116.

Admission to the Centennial Exhibition has been fixed at 20 cents.

Superintendent Bentley, of the N. E. & N. Road, has surveyed for a branch to Turner's Falls, promising to be highly advantageous.

Springfield proposes the license fund for a soldier's monument.

Walden, Vt., had a 2-inch snow storm the 18th, and Colorado Springs one of 3 inches the same day.

FINES.—Cincinnati, O., \$90,000; Little Rock, Ark., \$100,000; Peabody, \$10,000; Quincy, Ill., \$40,000; North Attleborough, \$30,000; Kansas City, \$20,000; Chicago, \$10,000; Staten Island, \$10,000; Farmington, Me., \$20,000.

#### Notes from the Churches.

##### MASSACHUSETTS.

Dorchester Methodist Episcopal Church.—The handsome and substantial new Methodist church at Dorchester was appropriately dedicated on Wednesday last, Oct. 22d inst., the beautiful auditorium being filled with a delighted congregation.

Rev. Dr. Peirce, editor of *Zion's Herald*, preached in the afternoon. Though called unexpectedly to fill the place, by reason of the illness of Rev. Dr. Clark, he was found fully equal to the emergency, giving a very able and eloquent sermon from Rom. vi. 21.

Rev. D. H. Eln, the pastor, made a brief statement of the origin and progress of the work, and paid a deservedly high compliment to the trustees and building committee, and to Rev. C. S. Rogers, his predecessor in the pastorate. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Sherman, President of the Board of Christian Education, C. S. Rogers, Linus Flisk, Z. A. Mudge, R. W. Allen, N. B. Bond, D. Sargent, and F. Furber, all former pastors of the Church.

took part in the services, after which the clergy and friends from abroad were provided with a bountiful collation by the ladies of the Society in the upper rooms below the vestry.

In the evening Rev. Dr. Townsend, of Boston University, delivered a profoundly interesting and practical sermon on the text, "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, said the Lord of hosts." Rev. J. W. Hamilton and Dr. S. F. Upham assisted in the services. The singing was led by Dr. Tourje, as only he can lead. Such brief were the exercises of the day which will long be happily remembered by the people of Dorchester Lower Mills.

The new church is of wood, Gothic in style of architecture, and is similar to the Methodist church at Hyde Park. Its dimensions are as follows: Length 92.5x53.8, and the spire is 135 feet high. The interior is tastefully finished in black walnut and oak, and the walls and ceiling are frescoed in light tints of blue and buff, relieved by the brown coloring of the supporting timbers of the roof.

The audience room is 26.5x35 feet, and will seat 650 persons. It is lighted by five stained glass windows on either side, and a large window, also of stained glass, in the front. A handsome church organ, from the manufactory of Messrs. Hook and Hastings, the liberal gift of Josiah Webb, esq., is at the right of the pulpit, and adds largely to the appearance of the church. Below is the vestry, 36.5x33 feet, with a ladies' parlour and two class rooms in the rear. In the basement is an ample kitchen, and a dining room which will accommodate some two hundred guests.

The wife of Rev. Seth C. Carey, of Gardner, Mass., after a brief sickness and the most intense suffering, went safely home. She was a devoted wife, and leaves a deeply afflicted family behind her.

##### MAINE.

Rems.—The Marshal of Gardner made a raid on the saloon of G. W. James, September 1st, and seized a barrel of ale and some other liquors. James was arrested, and fined \$50 and costs. Served him right.

The Congregational parish in Alfred are making repairs and improvements in their Church property.

Two and a half years ago Rev. C. H. Gates was called to serve two Churches in Kennebecport as their pastor. Since that time forty-eight persons have been received into the membership of these Churches. Methodists in this vicinity can learn a lesson in these facts. By the union of two feeble congregations, God would be more minister a living salary. God would be more honored, and the Charges would have greater prosperity.

Four persons were received to the membership of the Falmouth Congregational Church last Sabbath, Rev. J. Adams pastor.

A camp-meeting commenced September 21st in Shapleigh. The weather was exceedingly cold, but the hearts of the people were warm, and full of faith. Old fashioned Methodists found this meeting after their own hearts. You shall hear more from it.

Rev. Christopher C. Covell, of the Maine Conference, has been severely afflicted in the death of his beloved wife, Sister C. was a most estimable Christian lady. They were united in marriage in 1848. Sister C. has been in feeble health for some time past, and has suffered much, but has been suffering now. May God bless the precious family which he has left as a legacy to the Church. He was a very devoted and worthy young man.

Rev. H. W. Tilden, a graduate of Newton Theological Seminary, was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church in Augusta, September 1st, sermon by Rev. Dr. Shaler, of Portland. Mr. Tilden enters upon the work of the ministry under the most favorable auspices.

The recent Waterford Centennial was a grand affair. The orator of the day was H. T. Warren, esq., of Dover, N. H. The audience was immense, and the whole occasion one of intense interest.

Rev. John A. Douglas, present pastor of the Congregational Church, was settled Nov. 7th, 1821, and is the oldest settled minister in the State. Mr. Douglas is quite vigorous, and greatly beloved by his parishioners.

Rev. A. Bryant, Baptist, late of Dover, N. H., has accepted a call to Springfield, Me. Rev. A. A. Freiday, a recent graduate of Rochester Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the second Baptist Church at Calais.

EAST MAINE.—The revival which was enjoyed on the Columbia and Addison Circuits, last Spring, has received a new impetus from the East Machias Camp-meeting. A young man sought the Saviour at the camp-meeting.

His wife and sister have since given themselves to the same service at their home. A mother who was a wanderer from the path of righteousness, asked the prayers of the Church for herself, and returned home to have her example immediately followed by her daughter. At their Quarterly Meeting, on the 12th inst., nine were baptized, and four were received to Church membership.

C. A. E.

Nine persons were received into the full fellowship of Union Street Church, Bangor, at the Quarterly Meeting held last Sabbath.

W. L. B.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence Preachers' Meeting has resumed its sessions. Through the courtesy of Rev. Thomas Ely, its meetings are now held in his office, No. 14 Westminster Street, Room No. 8. The time of meeting is Monday, at 2 P. M.

Much sympathy is felt in this city for Rev. V. A. Cooper and wife, in their recent bereavement. Their daughter resided in the beautiful Swan Point Cemetery of this city.

Soon after Conference a new interest was started in East Providence, now the most growing part of the city. A hall was hired for religious purposes, and three services each day have been held all summer. The pastors of Providence and Pawtucket supply the pulpit in the morning, a Sunday-school is held in the afternoon, superintended by Mr. J. S. Roberts, and the prayer-meeting is in charge of Rev. Thomas Ely, whose residence is in that part of the city. The school has an attendance of nearly a hundred, and the movement is full of promise.

Rev. G. W. Brewster is pushing the work upon his District. He has recently held several four days' grove meetings, with most encouraging results. In places where only a hundred persons could be gathered to the regular Quarterly Meeting, from 1,500 to 2,000 persons have been gathered in the grove. In one instance a sinner of eighty years was converted.

The agent of the *HERALD* has lately made up a flying visit. When he comes again it is hoped he will stop longer.

L.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Tilton.—Rev. Dr. Chickering, of the Congregational Temperance Society, gave us three very effective addresses last Sabbath—  
—one in the Congregational and two in the Methodist church. The Doctor's views are broad, but very decided and progressive. Our students and other young people especially will long remember his words, and profit by them.

Rev. F. E. Rollins and other students have been gathering about the Master during the summer, out of which a new class has been formed in the outskirts of our parish. Last Sabbath Rev. J. W. Adams baptized seven of the number, four by immersion, and three by sprinkling.

Prof. R. E. Avery has recovered from his severe illness, and is at his post again in the Seminary.

VERMONT.—Rems.—Sheffield is having a continuous revival. Since camp-meeting Rev. Winslow has baptized 12, and received the same number on probation.

It rained here in the valleys Friday night, the 17th inst., but on Saturday our hills were "covered with snow." We hope, however, winter is not yet.

Guildhall is now in the best condition it has seen for years. Several have recently started in the service of the Lord. Brother Cushman is greatly encouraged.

Bro. Wright (pastor at Barre) and family have been called to deepest mourning. A beautiful six years' old child has been taken suddenly by croup from them. The large attendance at the funeral manifested true sympathy and love for the family of the pastor. Charge a number from Cabot, his former Charge, and seven or eight ministers, besides his own congregation generally, were present. He leaves them to the Master's name for their kindly attention, and we pray God to abundantly bless him and his dear household.

## Fall Opening.

DRY GOODS!

NEW STORE

AND

New Stock!

MITCHELL, GREEN

& STEVENS,

Who have for years carried on the Importing and Jobbing Business in Boston, having lately moved into the new and elegant

MARBLE FRONT BUILDING,

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.  
Sunday, October 10.  
Lesson II. John, xlii, 1-9.  
WASHINGTON THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

**Leader.** 1 Now, before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of the world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.

**School.** 2 And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray Him,

**L. 3** Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God,

**S. 4** He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments, and took a towel, and girded Himself.

**L. 5** After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.

**S. 6** Then cometh He to Simon Peter; and Peter saith unto Him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?

**L. 7** Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.

**S. 8** Peter saith unto Him, Thou shalt never wash my feet.

**L. 9** Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast not part with Me.

**S. 9** Simon Peter saith unto Him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.

**Connection:** Observing the chronological order of events, as arranged by Farrar in his "Life of Christ," this lesson is connected with the last by the following links: Sunday evening Jesus went out of the city to Bethany, where He spent the night. Monday morning He returned to the Temple, delivering His withering rebuke to the fruitless fig-tree on the way, which was a day of solemn parables and weighty discourse to the Pharisees who raged about Him. Tuesday, after another night of quiet, He entered the Temple for the last time; He rebuked the Pharisees and Sadducees besieged Him with their malicious quibbles; and Christ answered them with such lofty wisdom that even some Scribes acknowledged, "Master, Thou hast said well." He weeps again over Jerusalem, and pronounces woes upon its false leaders; then, catching the tinkle of the widow's mite, as it falls into the chest, He enshrines that poor woman's act in an immortal lesson to the Church, and leaves the Temple forever; and as they go out towards the Mount of Olives His disciples direct His attention to the splendor and strength of the Temple, whereupon He utters those solemn predictions of Jerusalem's downfall and of the end of the world (Matt. xxiv; xxv), and again returns to Bethany. Wednesday, so far as we know, He spent in rest and seclusion; and Wednesday night took His last sleep. Peter and John, according to the Synoptists, were sent during the next day (Thursday) to the city, to prepare the Passover. Towards evening Jesus with the twelve entered the city, and went to the "upper room" procured from the man "bearing a pitcher."

**Difficulties:** Was this supper, mentioned only by John, the paschal supper? Some of the ablest commentators, such as Tholuck, Meyer, Tischendorf, Robinson, Andrews, Whedon, Poole, make it identical with the supper of the Synoptists; at which the eucharistic supper was established, of which John makes no mention. Farrar, in *Excursus X* (Appendix to *Life of Christ*), makes a good argument against this theory, and holds that the paschal supper of the Jews occurred that year on Friday night, so that Jesus ate His Last Supper with the disciples on Thursday evening, but did not intend it to be the actual paschal meal. The eight grounds upon which he bases his conviction are substantial. Alford, who looks candidly at all the apparent discrepancies between John and the Synoptists, says he has no solution for the difficulties. There seem to be fewer of these in considering this the paschal supper; and a certain internal evidence for this may also be adduced from our lesson, for the strife among the disciples, which Jesus rebuked by the feet-washing, arose from the question of precedence at the table, which would not have been likely to occur at an ordinary meal. "Like does not mention the feet-washing, nor John this strife; but the two accounts combined form a consistent whole" (Andrews).

**Before the feast, etc.**—before the great festival, extending over seven days, introduced by the paschal supper. John's use of the word *Passover* (*pasha*) is peculiar to himself. It occurs ten times in his Gospel, and in seven of these is plainly applied to the feast generally. Its meaning here is in dispute.

**Norton** renders verse 1 thus:—"But Jesus, before the feast of the Passover, knew that the hour had come for Him to pass from the world to the Father; and having loved His own, who were to remain in this world, He loved them to the last." This reading is not widely endorsed by good Greek scholars, who prefer to make the first clause qualify all that follows, and not simply the words "knew" and "having loved."

**Loved them unto the end.**—His own, humble men, weak and untaught, save as Jesus had trained them; yet they were His own followers, and He loved them. He would prove His love, to the very last. Although they had quarreled, as they took their places at this Last Supper, He would love them still, and would also demonstrate that by an act inspired by the knowledge that "His hour was come." How intense every act and word becomes in these last days of Jesus with His disciples! All seems done "to the uttermost." John thus fully introduces the closing history of Jesus.

**Supper being ended.**—more correctly, "supper having begun," or "having been served" (Alford), for we find (v. 12) Jesus reclined again at the table, and (v. 26) the supper is still going on.

*The devil having now, etc.* Judas had (Matt. xxvi, 16) already made his bargain with the Sanhedrim; Satan had pierced his integrity with a fiery dart (Eph. vi, 16): thirty pieces of silver smothered a disciple's conscience, and made him so far a traitor that he could sit at the love-feast with his proposed Victim, and even allow his feet to be washed by Him. Is it possible to believe that a man in Judas' place could let such a black purpose nestle in his soul without the aid of a malevolent prince—the devil? Avarice was the easily besetting sin of Judas; Satan made this weakness his own stronghold. Judas might have let the Master touch this leprosy spot of his character, and have been healed; but he chose to hold to the money-bag; and to the avarice and treason he carried with it.

**The Father had given all things, etc.** The act about to be performed "is introduced with words which intimate His glory, like a protest, lest the Lord be thought to have done something unworthy in washing His disciples' feet" (Bengel). Jesus was conscious (1) of omnipotence—"all things;" (2) of divine Sonship, "come from God;" (3) of glorification with the Father, "went to God." And with this consciousness He could do the most humiliating service, and yet with no air of servility. If a man be upheld by the lofty faith of a Christian, nothing that he may do as a Christian will be menial.

This triple consciousness of Jesus has its counterpart in the believer's experience (1), "all things are possible to him that believeth;" (2) "now are we the sons of God;" (3) "we shall be like Him."

**He riseth from supper, etc.** The meal was in progress, and Jesus desired to rebuke, in the most impressive manner, the strife which was marring the solemnity of the supper. Words might be forgotten, even their Lord's; but none of the twelve could forget the act. The interruption of eating, the silence of Jesus as He laid off His garments, the striking garb of their Master (who stood before them in the guise of a slave) made the lesson strangely significant.

**Garments.**—"those which would encumber Him in washing" (Bengel). Is it not for more probable that He humbled Himself so far as literally to dress Himself, as the basest of slaves (Alford)—*Toncl*. "The fact of His girding Himself contrasts with the expectation that others should have done it for Him" (Lange).—*Basin*. The feet-washing was a ceremony of the paschal supper evidently prepared for, but there was no servant. "The Son of Man came to minister" (Matt. xx, 28).

**Began to wash, etc.** Augustine and many Catholic writers make Peter the first, but there is no good reason for this supposition from the context. The plain inference from verse 6 would be that Jesus had washed the feet of some before He came to Peter. The famous picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, engraved copies of which are so common, does not give the correct idea of the posture of those who had place at the supper. Their position was recumbent, with their feet from the table, so that Jesus had easy access to them.

**On each returning Maundy Thursday, the day before Easter, the Pope washes the feet of twelve poor men" (Hanns).** In the cathedral city of Vienna, on the same day, the Emperor washes the feet of twelve aged men (Heubner). In our day Popes and princes imitate the feet-washing, to the latter; but a greater subject for admiration would be, a Pope in unaffected humility washing the feet of one king rather than the feet of twelve paupers (Bengel).

**Simon Peter.** No occasion in all the Gospel history seems to be so solemn enough to seal his lips with silence. He likes colloquy. Even his virtues have a noisy character. He is sincere, but the sincerity is impulsive. He speaks with the eagerness and haste of childhood. He is the boy-disciple, by nature.

**Dost Thou wash my feet?**—a protesting question. Peter's reverence and humility appear in this, but both qualities have a flavor of egotism which a silent acquiescence would have avoided. He speaks with indignation, as if it were an unworthy thing for his Lord to do. "Thou" and "my" are the emphatic words.

**What I do.**—(1) this washing itself as a lesson of humility and love; (2) its symbolic meaning; (3) the great act of love, the laying aside My glory and becoming in the form of a servant, that the washing of the Holy Spirit may cleanse men (Alford).

**Thou knowest not now.** Jesus saw by the very reproof of Peter that he did not feel the full significance of the act. One of the bitterest things in the daily ministry of Jesus must have been the consciousness that men but half understood Him. Their eyes, ears and hearts were dull. But the days of enlightenment were coming, when the Comforter would bring all things to their remembrance. Over all the dark mysteries of this life may be written Christ's bright promise, "thou shalt know hereafter."

**Thou shalt never wash my feet.**—"no, never, to eternity!" Peter's false humility now passes over into disobedience, expressed by this sharp, double-negative. There is something of the mock-heroic in his expostulation.

**If I wash thee not, etc.**—Peter's resistance must be subdued, and Jesus presents an alternative. If thou dost not allow me to serve thee as the Redeemer, thou canst not be Mine. Christ now touches the spiritual meaning of the feet-washing. Nauncleaned soul can have fellowship with Jesus.

**The same price which in self deception repels this washing-service of thy Lord, rejects the washing of His atonement" (Whedon).**

**Not my feet only, etc.** The impetuous disciple changes suddenly from his disobedient refusal to this fervent ap-

peal, in which he demands a thorough cleansing. The spiritual lesson dawns upon him. He feels, what every guilty man feels as he looks in faith to a sinless Saviour—that sin permeates his life, and he desires to be purified throughout his being. "Let the lowliest members of the body and the highest powers of the soul be washed in Thy regeneration," is the cry of the penitent.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, October 10.

1 Give the time and place by which the event of this lesson is marked.

2 Whose agent did Judas become in the act of betraying Christ?

3 For what great purpose did Jesus claim the attribute of omnipotence?

4 What was the immediate cause of the feet-washing?

5 Does the character of Christ gain or lose by this act of humility?

6 In what spirit does Peter ask his question (verse 6)?

7 Is there an argument for a future life from the mysteries of the present, and from our poor understanding of God's teaching now?

8 What cleansing admits men to communion with their Redeemer?

9 Why is it that if a man's heart is right he is all right?

## The Family.

## PREMONITIONS.

BY META E. THOME.

There's a sound of woe in the air to-day,  
And the winds are wearily sighing;  
For soon the birds, with their joyous words,  
To the far-off South will be flying.

There's a sorrowful sound in the rustling leaves,  
A sad, sad voice of weeping;  
For soon the flowers from the perfumed  
bushes  
Neath the winter's snows will be sleeping.

There's a wailing sound in the restless breeze,  
A sound of distress and sorrow;  
For the fair earth, bright in a robe of night,  
Must be wrapt to await the morrow.

There's a thought of grief in my heart to-day,  
And the weary tears are starting;  
For to-day, although we're together, I know  
To-morrow must be the parting.

Yet, oh, restless winds, with your monotone  
Of weariness and sadness,  
The beauteous spring on scented wing  
Will come again in gladness;

And the morn will come, in joy and light,  
The slumbering world to waken;  
To tell the earth, in its glad new birth,  
There is One who has ne'er forsaken.

Then arise, my heart! sweet comfort take!  
Again will come the meeting,  
When light and love shall be interwoven,  
And crown the joy of greeting.

Far, far beyond these changing scenes,  
Where we only meet to sever,  
Is the golden clime of the summer time,  
Where parting cometh never.

Where fadeless flowers make sweet the hours,  
Where flows the living river,  
Where bright bird-throats raise glorious  
songs;

There are love and life forever.

## A LETTER TO BERTIE.

DEAR BERTIE:—I thought I would write you a letter. I said to my mother, "I am going to write to Bertie this afternoon," and I had some company, or I had to go to the store, or I went away; but this afternoon I was making my doll a basque, and I said to my mother, "I have got to write to Bertie when I make this button-hole."

Sunday, Dick was not around any before noon; and Rosy came over at noon to get some water for her dinner, and she said, "Dick's dead!" and I said, "where?" and she said, "under the stairs." And I said, "he is asleep;" and she said, "no, he isn't;" and I had just finished washing my feet; and I put on my slippers, and run without any stockings on. I said, "where is he?" and she said, "there." And my mother said, "poor little Dick!" and I said to her, "he isn't little!" And she said, "poor Dick!" and my father said, "what's the matter?" and my mother said, "Dick's dead!" and he said, "when did he die?" and she said, "last night, I suppose;" and he said, "I will wrap him up in paper, and take him and throw him over the bridge to-night!" And this morning my mother said, "why didn't you throw him into the river?" and he said, "he forgot it!" and this morning I got my work ready, and was just going over to see Rosy, and she came over here with two baskets, to get them filled with earth; and I said, "let us dig it where we will make Dick's grave." And we filled the baskets, and dug some of the grave, and at noon my father dug the rest, and put him in before my mother knew anything about it; and me and Rosy put lots of flowers on.

Yesterday my mother and I, and Rosy, and Miss M— went to F. C—'s baby's funeral. It was four months old, and his funeral was two o'clock in the afternoon. It was Sunday.

Mrs. B. and H's wife, and two children, and C— D— have gone to Shelter Island, to stay two or three weeks. They went on the excursion Wednesday, and all the Methodist Churches in town went.

One night, one or two weeks ago, they said the band was going to play, and was coming over here. And the piazza was crowded full of people. And they never come over this way, and they went home.

Last Friday my Uncle George was

here to dinner, and last Saturday my Uncle Sidney B— was here to dinner.

I went to P—, June 10th, to my cousin L. H's wedding, and we stayed one week. I had a splendid time. She was dressed in a muslin and white silk dress, and the muslin was white, and she had on white kid shoes, and white kid gloves, and a white lace veil; and he had on white kid gloves, and white necktie. And the bride's loaf of cake was fruit cake, with frosting all over the top and sides, and in the middle was two hands, taking hold of each other; and one had a gold ring on, and deep lace on the sleeve, and doves all around the edge of the cake. The doves and hands were made out of frosting. And they only invited the relations and three others.

We had lobster salad, and turkey and pudding, and biscuit-rolls, and strawberries, and icecream, and oranges with the middle taken out, and ice cream and orange juice put in the middle; and it was so cold I could not eat it all. And they had oranges, and bananas, and lemonade, and coffee, and candy, and cake and pine-apple. My cousin went to Niagara Falls.

My cousin Hattie, and Alice, and Blanch has got a play house. Hattie has got two rooms, and Alice has got two rooms, and Blanch a house built on Hattie's and Alice's house. Hattie has got a bed, and a stove, and a chair, and a curtain, and a table, and a closet. Father B— has gone to W—. He went Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, and Mrs. T. has gone to W—. They went Tuesday afternoon, and Mrs. T. went Saturday morning. Mrs. F. is no better.

I have got a play house. I had it two or three months ago.

I am well, and all the people down to N— are well. I hope all the people up to T— are well.

I have wrote a long letter, 'cause I knew lots to say, and I hope that you will write as long as this, 'cause it has been a long time since you wrote a letter to me, so, you will know lots to say. Write soon, very soon. Love to all.

LILA.

P. S. My mother sends her love to you and your mother, and I send my love to you and your mother.

## WHITE LIES.

BY MISS MARY W. GREELEY.

The world calls them white lies; but is that their rightful name? Ought they not rather to be labeled black? The loose, inaccurate way of speaking, so very common a fault among all classes of people, is not merely a fault in its lightest meaning, but a positive sin. Since it misrepresents the truth, saying what is really false, can it be other than upkidd and wicked?

In business transactions the habit of inaccuracy of statement is denounced as unfair and dishonest. Ought it to be otherwise in all the relations of social life? A man's word should be as good as his bond, and a woman's too, everywhere, and in all things.

This habit, which proves so disastrous, often, in its results, has its beginning in the family circle. The little ones begin to deceive and prevaricate in the nursery, the parents rarely checking, and often encouraging the evil by their example; and the children grow up with the habit confirmed. Here in the family it often causes great difficulties, but when it goes out into the wider circle of social life it carries misunderstandings, annoyances and hard feelings in its train, deeply wounding, and even separating very friends. Too many of the young people of the present day speak thoughtlessly, little considering the consequences of what they say. A slight misdeed of another may be so exaggerated and twisted into uncouth proportions that in time it may become a positive untruth, doing much, unconsciously to the slanderer perhaps, to defame the character of the one censured.

Every friend's character should be held sacred. I have in mind a young man, of refinement and culture, a man of fine principles, whose feelings were seriously wounded, the other day, by the injudicious remarks of a friend. "I am afraid J. is ruining himself by drinking," one lady said to another. "He was positively seen the other evening intoxicated." The other doubted the probability of this. "True," said the first speaker. "I was told so, at any rate. A. told me; B. told her; I think you'll find it true."

Now, this statement, after it had gone the rounds, till it reached the ears of the young man, was proved to be utterly false, though it had a shadow of a foundation. His principles forbade his taking even a social glass, yet he was unfortunately seen on the street, late one evening, with a merry company. He had tracked the party, in pursuit of a friend whom he was making an effort to save. This was sufficient for the story. There might have been a touch of maliciousness in the first version; the others were mere thoughtless repetitions. A positive assertion should never be made which cannot be proved. It is saying what others say, and knowing because others know, that changes a little sin into a great one, and makes a mountain of a mole hill.

In view of all the harm so heedlessly done, let us each do our share toward correcting this great evil, for "behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Cannot we guide with more skill the little unruly member which is capable of inflicting on us so much pain? Solomon says of the virtuous woman, "in her tongue is the law of kindness." Can we see kindness, charity, whiteness, in the lies so often upon

our lips? When shall we learn the power of little words, as of little deeds, and compel our tongues to keep in the narrow way of truth, 'avoiding all lies, even though by the world they be called white.

## MARY ANN C. PRATT.

DIED APRIL 21, 1875, AGED 63.

Dust unto dust to earth consigned,  
That form in silence lies  
Which once enshrined a radiant gem—  
A soul that never dies.

Earth takes its own; beyond its realm,  
Beyond its power to hold,  
The spirit wings its joyous flight,  
Till arms divine enfold.

This is our joy, 'mid surging grief,  
When loved ones from us part,  
This firm belief, the faith that brings  
Peace to the aching heart.

The soul, the image of our God  
Clothed in humanity,  
Relieved of clay, at once shall rise,  
Robed for eternity!

Faithful and true to all the ties  
That linked thee to this sphere,  
Genial and kind, to all a friend,  
Thy presence constant cheer;

For like the angels, when our hearts  
Do beat with love afire,  
An angel's office we perform—  
A mission in Christ's name.

When from the depths a call for aid  
From those in need was heard,  
No selfish wish thy labor stayed,  
No plea the cause deferred;

Thy fragile form, aglow with zeal,  
Thy thoughts to heaven allied,  
Thy footsteps rested not until  
Close to affliction's side.

"T was unto Me," the Saviour said;  
"To Me each cup was given;  
Receive thy crown and mansion fair,  
And enter into heaven."

My God, my Saviour, grant this prayer,  
That I her spirit see,  
Unite with her to sing Thy praise  
Throughout eternity.

C.

## THE BEAUTY OF A HOLY LIFE.

"To live in hearts of those we love is not to die."

How sure a test of Christianity is given in the words of our Saviour, "by their fruits ye shall know them!" Perhaps we can all remember some beautiful life, which was so filled with love to God that it overflowed in blessings to all around. No obstacles were sufficient to conceal its light, but all the hindrances only made it more apparent that it drew its strength from no earthly source.

We were blessed with intercourse with such a friend for many years; and the beautiful consistency of her life, and her far-reaching sympathies call for a word of loving tribute to her memory. I refer to Mrs. Nathaniel Johnson, who for nearly thirty-five years was connected with the Methodist Church in Bangor, Me. She was born in Windham, Conn., Jan. 20th, 1794, and died in New Bedford, Jan. 1st, 1875. As nothing beyond a mere notice of her death has appeared in your paper, will you allow me to speak a word about her noble and useful life, for there are many who still remember her with loving hearts.

She came to Bangor in September 1835, and with her husband, joined the Methodist Church here. They were among the most generous and faithful supporters of the Church from that time, and their house was a most hospitable resting-place for all who loved the Lord. It was also for many years the appointed place for the class-meeting. They considered none of their possessions too choice to be used in the Master's service.

Few knew the trials which daily beset her path in her efforts to strengthen the weak and tempted ones; but all saw her hands continually busied with works of love. She was truly a faithful steward of that which God had given her, for she sought out the poor and the needy, and delighted to do them good. She particularly loved the young, and they were in turn drawn to her, and her life had a greater influence in making religion appear lovely to them, and in drawing them to the Saviour, than volumes of the most eloquent words that were ever written or spoken. Many of these now rise up and call her blessed.

In her later years, when bereft of her husband, with her house broken up, and conscious that a disease had fastened upon her which would in time prove fatal, she retained the same cheerful spirit, the same loving interest in all her friends, and the same firm, abiding trust in God, which had been characteristic of her in earlier and brighter years.

Such a life is like a halo of brightness, and we know that the one it encircles has not gone down to the dust, but has gone up on high, to be forever with the Saviour whom she loved, and whose spirit dwelt in her heart, and was so beautifully reflected in her life.

L.

## FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

## MOUSIE AT SCHOOL.

BY MRS. M. P. COLBURN.

My name is Mousie, and I am very little. My papa and mama are just as good to me as any papa or mama can be, but they always want me to mind what they say; and when I do not they look very sober.

I want to tell you, little boys and girls, a story of myself, and how naughty I was, one day, when my papa and mama were gone away.

You see, we like cheese, ever so much; and they had gone to a lady's pantry to get us some. I don't think they thought it was wrong, for the lady had seen mama a great many times, and never said a word to her.

So, after they went, little Drabbie (my sister) and I put our noses out of the door, and the first thing we heard was a noise such as you boys and girls make. What you make with your mouths is n't a bit like our fine music, you know; and we never make our feet sound like yours.

Mama had told us about it, and said we must keep out of your way, for sometimes you run after us, and make such a noise all round that we should be frightened almost out of our wits; and she said, too, that boys and girls do n't live as we do, and it is best to stay by ourselves.

But now she was gone, and our ears heard such a funny, big noise, we wanted to see how they did it, and how boys and girls looked too.

Drabbie told me to go first; so I crept up to a little hole, as still as I could; and I knew in a minute I was in a school-room! I never, never will forget it, for it was full—oh, so full of such big folks! And they were saying big words, that we little mouses never say!

I was going down again quick, but Drabbie pushed me a little, and then they saw me! Oh, I do hope you never will feel so bad as I did then; but you will if you do n't mind your mamas better than I did!

In a minute they made more noise than I ever heard in all my life, and called my name right out! How ever did they know it! "There's Mousie!" "there's Mousie!" they all shouted. And then, oh, how their feet sounded!

Drabbie went back, so they did n't see her; but poor little I had to run for my life. I got behind a big wall, but it was a little wall to them, for they took it right down! So I went off again, not a bit knowing where I was going. And did n't I wish poor mama, who would be so sorry for me, could see me?

But, I run some miles, I guess; and then I darted down a big hole I saw, and they lost me. Their eyes were bigger than mine, but my little eyes saw them trying to find me; and when they could n't they said (for I heard them, and it was dreadful to me), "she's gone down there; let's stop it up, so she can't come out!" Then they put something dark in the hole, and I heard a great iron pole pushing it in!

Oh, dear! How I wanted my mama! I thought of all the good things she always did for me, and of our nice little supper; and then I thought how I was in this dark prison, and maybe never could get out any more! I laid down on the cold floor, not a bit like my soft bed, and said "good bye" to everything, and then I was ready to die.

But, after a good long while, I heard my mama call me with such a pitiful voice: "Mousie! Mousie!" she said. "Oh, my Mousie! can't I ever see you again?" And then I heard a little weak noise by the side of me, and pretty soon my mama's teeth had made a hole. So when I got over my fright I could go home again.

But it was n't so nice as it was in the morning, for dear mama was very sober, and I had to limp along because my foot got hurt, you see, by that big boy's hand. I hung my head all the way home, and kept saying to myself, How glad I am my mama found me! and that I never, never would do so any more.

Drabbie felt as bad as I did—only she did n't get hurt; and we both felt as if mama ought to scold us hard.

The little brothers, Grayfoot and Brighteyes, never laughed at us a bit, but kept very still while dear mama told us how glad she was we were all alive; and then she patted me on the head with her soft hand, saying she hoped her Mousie would be good, and mind her next time; and I do n't mind telling you, little boys and girls, that I think she will!

When we nibbled the cheese she brought us from the lady's pantry, we thought we never had anything so nice.

So, after they went, little Drabbie (my sister) and I put our noses out of the door, and the first thing we heard was a noise such as you boys and girls make. What you make with your mouths is n't a bit like our fine music, you know; and we never make our feet sound like yours.

Mama had told us about it, and said we must keep out of your way, for sometimes you run after us, and make such a noise all round that we should be frightened almost out of our wits; and she said, too, that boys and girls do n't live as we do, and it is best to stay by ourselves.

But now she was gone, and our ears heard such a funny, big noise, we wanted to see how they did it, and how boys and girls looked too.

Drabbie told me to go first; so I crept up to a little hole, as still as I



